

2019

# Clash of isms...

By KRISH BHARADWAJ

AUTHOR OF

THEIR SHADOWS! THEY FEAR!

RED STAIN ON THE MYSTIC MOUNTAIN

FUGITIVE BARON.IN

**Ideological clash is a debate in high place,  
and it has the pain of spilling of blood at ground level.**

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Because of the dynamic nature of the Internet, any web addresses or links contained in this book may have changed since publication and may no longer be valid. The views expressed in this work are solely those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, and the publisher hereby disclaims any responsibility for them.

**A FICTION, WITH IMAGINERY CHARACTERS, DIALOGUES, WITH NO INTENTION TO HURT ANYONE, NOR REFERRING ANY SPECIFIC SECTION, ORGANISATIONS, INDIVIDUALS OR MOVEMENTS.**

**Friends who help in scanning this book:**

**Adithya and JR**

**-Thanks**

## INDEX

CHAPTER 01 WISEMEN CONCLAVE

CHAPTER 02 DESTINATION ROYDURG

CHAPTER 03 NEO CAVE DWELLERS

CHAPTER 04 DELIBERATIONS ON THESIS

CHAPTER 05 SEMINAR-FASCISM

CHAPTER 06 BE A PATRIOT-BEWARE OF DUPLICATES

CHAPTER 07 FIGHT CASE-NOT IN ROYDURG

CHAPTER 08 VINOD CHAND- SILENCED

CHAPTER 09 KILLER-RAVISH GOV SAYS

CHAPTER 10 MUCH ABOUT IDEOLOGY

CHAPTER 11 NONE CAN CHANGE HIS WILL

CHAPTER 12 KAMALSAA THROAT SLIT  
CHAPTER 13 FOR JUSTIFYING THEIR CRIME  
CHAPTER 14 CROSSING THE WEB ZONE  
CHAPTER 15 MURDERER OF KAMALSAA  
CHAPTER 16 SLIDING FORTUNES  
CHAPTER 17 COURTS ARE SLOW TO PUNISH  
CHAPTER 18 IN THE REGIME OF TYRANNY  
CHAPTER 19 PRANAV IN LOVE  
CHAPTER 20 LOVER-GUNDOWN  
CHAPTER 21 RUINED EMPIRE  
CHAPTER 22 BASHEER TRAPPED  
CHAPTER 23 NOT THE END OF DEVILS  
CHAPTER 24 ENDS ARMS STRUGGLE

# Clash

# Of Isms.

by

Krish Bharadwaj

*Authors Other works in Kindle:*

Their shadows! They fear!

Red stain on the mystic mountain

Fugitive baron.in

*Now*

Clash of Isms

## CHAPTER 01

### WISEMEN CONCLAVE

The large iron gates opened at 8.30 in the morning. Ten top ranking action force securities positioned themselves and saluted the visitors. Who are they, they do not know? It is not in their responsibilities or rights. The securities talents are measured by their obedience to orders. Visitors are nationally so powerful; their X Y Z arrangement conveys. Forty-eight SUVs passed through in one hour. Each car had minimum one gunman and two VIP men. One or two were with Black cats. One car entered by 9.25 a.m. with Z security. More than eighty armed securities

were around that large building. None except visitors with ID were allowed. Their clearance was done half a kilo meter away at the entrance of the road to this High Security Zone. The gates were closed, and securities took their positions. They have every right to know, what is happening by reading them in the news magazine the very next day.

Think tank of ARYAN NATIONALIST CRUSADERS is assembling for an important national issue. Their location this time is -Jaipur. Never, they make a public show of their presence. They are not the part of any of those 834 Nazi, Aryan, or White supremacy movements in USA. But there is an unseen bridge between both in their ideals and thoughts. USA Aryan groups are mostly run by the mercenaries, old war veterans and decayed white gangsters. They have an assigned leader for each group and in each state. Indian Nationalists are on religious majoritism and do have several epithets for different activities. The pious masks, the sober faces, the covert actions, and their heinous underworld treaties- all in one, present them with psychedelic genetic creations. One does not speak for others, if their masks torn or exposed. Infected are isolated and disowned, yet an imbecile card will still exist. They operate rather as fire extinguishers, fearing mass antagonism, for some inhuman acts. National council is holding closed door meeting with their sectoral reports and recommend for future action plan. Men with holy robes, some with corporate leaders with humble attires, some their rural outfits-none try to shed their noble image in the public. None carry the sins of their action of sadism, cruelty, and annihilations of minorities, in the garb of patriotism and nationalism. That is ANCs.

Swami Jagadnand began his holy sermon from the holy scripts to astrology. It is his favourite subject to teach ancient scriptures and its secrets. He comes as ads in the serials and present his favourite topics in such conclaves.

*“You shall remember that no one is separated from their planetary effect. Some of your premonitions are warned by your dreams. ‘Shastra Samhita’ religious script explains various dreams. Dreams are classified seven types. Drusta (seen), heard, anoobhoota, experienced, Pravatita, longed for, Kalpita - created in thoughts. Timing of the dreams are also very important. Let me explain. Auspicious dreams to sight are cow, bull, elephant, climbing high rise mountains, seeing one’s own death, co-habitation with forbidden women, crossing the sea, eating raw human flesh, bitten by white serpent on the right hand, house and self on fire. You will find your efforts are successful on that date.*

*On the contrary bad omens or inauspicious dreams are: Falling of one’s teeth or hair, oneself being hunted by wild animal, be smearing one’s own body with oil or ghee, seeing one’s own marriage at the end of the dream, tonsuring of head, sleeping in hole, passing stools, being encircled by ghosts, goblins, chandalas.”*

*What is the remedy for inauspicious dreams? One shall sit, think, and silently pray his family gods and shall recite mantras. Evil effects are told by dreams - a sign of premonitions and heavenly warnings.*

*Let me say a few facts. You can read the man from his horoscope. All evil actions are not his, but his planetary positions in his birth chart, in relation to the cosmic planetary positions. You find that man commit some grave or heinous crimes, not every day. But very rarely. Sometimes only one time in the whole life. It is not his fault. They are the effect of the change of planets in the constellations. Let me explain. ‘Brihat Parasara Hora’ explains ‘influence of Saturn or Venus result in Lesbianism or homosexuality. You read yesterday that a Christian Bishop with all his spirituality and pious nature, was a homosexual. Reason Saturn influence on the Venus afflicted by Mars, made him gay.*

*Venus being weak due to debilitation or occupation of inimical signs, afflicted by malefic planets indicates abnormality of sex desires.*

*Mars, Saturn, and Rahu, in English constellation it is Neptune: distressing the 5<sup>th</sup> house and/or the moon either in the Rasi or Navama or ninth house indicates criminal paedophile tendencies such as rape or ...* There was a commotion. President accompanied Asst. Secretary of India's Nationalist Party entered. Swami Jagadanad got up and slightly bend and convey his Namaskar and moved to his seat. Some guy in the rear row whispered to his neighbour,

*"In the rape crimes, judge need not see the evidences, he can see the horoscope of the rapist and pass orders."*

One among the crowd was hissing to his neighbour, *"Shut your bloody mouth, if some other guy hears what you say, you might have seen an inauspicious dream, hence passing stool here. These fellows do have third eyes and they can explore your thought waves."*

*"Let me conclude with one more minute listing my previous prediction on Indian politics. Elders of ancient time used to say, Nation's fate is associated with the planetary positions of its ruling Raja. Naturally, the mercurial impact of our leader and his rise among world leaders are bound to bring a great wealth and diamond age of development. We are happy that, to-day, our economy, and wealth are going to prosper under of great leaders. Future of the Bharath is intertwined with the raising power of our leader. We are Proud that Mr. Navin Vyas, our Home Minister and Mr. Vijay Raut, Prime minister, two lucky planets, are our great leaders today."*

Meeting began exactly at 9.32 a.m. after checking auspicious time. Room had 56 members. Each one can be identified as different origin. Usual prayer was recited for three minutes. The agenda was there on their tables.

To everybody pleasantly surprise, a stranger came from the side door with a large smile in the face. Party Prime secretary India's Nationalist party, a special invitee, Mr. Navin Vyas. After seven years, he is entering this Conclave. Perhaps, he had a change of mind after being re-elected. Thirteen MP were originated from the Aryan Nationalist Crusaders - extremists. Their history is full of violence, tortures, murdering and rampage and Inhumans act. One from Odesa mercilessly burnt one missionary whole family, who worked among the tribals curing their leprosy, cancer, and polio. Another is known for bombing trains, blasting Mosques and Muslim hotels. There are thousands of Muslims who had improved economically and with better standards. By arson and looting, they were forced to begging in a year. Party, itself is afraid of this sebaceous group now present in Parliament. Secondly in most of their constituencies, gang voters were engaged, and machines were hacked. EVM brought relief to all booth capturing and forced voting. But here, EVM voted more than actual number of voters.

Mike was on. Navin Vyas slowly looked around his so powerful wing, the crusaders. These are his weapons of power, which control the regions and resentments among the people. Each one is having a paramilitary force, with their territorial control. Many are monsters and more dangerous to be offended. Outwardly, they are fine piece of gentlemen, some are head of mutts, some are old Zamindar descendant, some are industrial magnets and most of them are social workers with great philanthropic images. Political parties with its bourgeoisie character do accept their silent authority, with bulk vote banks. But ANC is their real breath, because it has recognised their jagir with more in that list. Those inherent powers were removed while annexing the princely states with India in 1947. FM looked at his billion-dollar bankers, whose accounts were never audited by any government:

*"Our divine blessed leader is happy about the role of ANC in the last five years. I came to thank you. I came to assure that we in the government, will see that no security force intercept in your path. Myself and my gracious leader, honourable Prime Minister, managed the whole election process at the top level, despite powerful resistance. Your cadres did their best, at grass root, wherever possible. We do have no challengers in the parliament, and we will remove the word oppositions in the records. Future will have one Party as the deciding factor of this nation.*

*Friends, wherever we had Political skirmish and no open war could be declared. Your organisation entered and spread the spectre of fear, or blaze actions of terror to keep the ethnics - in the state of fear. Oppositions strategies were sabotaged by your underworld muscle groups. First time the Bengal party, a combination of wealthy merchants and ugly local mercenaries confronted our party. They did not know our power. They thought that we too are the communists. They had muscles and no money. We have both. We can absorb the muscle powers of the opponent and boomerang them to annihilate the enemy. We were condemned as Asuras by them. Because, in war, as per mythology, Asuras are having a mystical power of absorbing the powers of the opponents after the night falls. We are least bothered about the title. We had a direct street war. Some of them, we ordered to bend, but they fell on their knees. Some of them surrendered before our vision fall on them. After all, it is the state, where traitor Mir Jaffar betrayed Siraj Oduduwa and joined with British Army. You know that is the first war, which gave a victory to British, a large Presidency to set up their government in India. Today, Bangla Party faces defection after defection. That demoralisation made them to shrink, and their fall is not far off. Others built their political leaders. We are traders, we pay high price and buy them directly. After all, it is market economy. We, as political party will see that whole nation has got -*

***One Nation, One Language, One religion, One system, One law, One Flag, One party and One Leader. Others can exist as Subordinates and secondary citizens serving our interest.***

*Under our feet, not one political grass shall grow to disturb regime. See, the hysteria we created and whole nation was in the fantasy and fanatic cry about the heroic wars conducted by our leader. How can we bear if someone stand up and say, that it is all hoax, fallacies, and simple hallucinations of drugs? We shut them slowly, but forever. You are the shadows our dealings. I need not explain.*

*Role of Aryan extremist force, I appreciate, you did an excellent job by eradicating five or six intellectuals and a few government officials, many internal disruptors, and defections. This has become inevitable. They were sowing the seed of poison against us. Now, we were able to stall and blunt the critics. They were consistently damaging our campaigns. We chose our line with Himalayan spirit. You achieved our mission in managing a very large party cadres in crores and settled the life of a handful of bitter critics. You all know, how we came out of cloud of suspicion, political chaos, and slander. We had more injuries from the leftist. Left intellectuals invited their grave, their untimely burials, by their tongue. We traded, threatened their peripherals. Their fingers in the keyboards stopped as some of our men's fingers pressed the triggers to finally to settle the matter. They see lakhs of crowd and think that life is so huge to live. Our men taught that large sole is smaller than a tiny bullet. Now many automatically started hearing the advice of their wives. (Big laugh) We are not going to breath these stinking smells of the critics. We will run our government; no body shall teach us how to!"*

*"We have a record of 478 cases of human lynching, attempt to murder, massacres and riots against our men. We had pushed 167 cases into dust bins. No files are in police or court. Not necessarily, you shall know how. Eleven cases are confirmed as offence committed. Public Prosecutors are asked to file affidavit after consulting our lawyers. We are trying to control the*

damages. 11 will be walking out of the jail in this year. Many states are in the control of oppositions and our cadres had shown some casualness. We find that we are caught up in distress, in those areas. Some we try to shift them to CBI. We could not erase evidence. We provide defence. That much we can do. Unless we drive the knife of fear in these people, they will continue to use acid tongue and speak whatever they want. They will Worship God, whoever they want, preach religion whichever they want and speak dirty languages whatever they like. Our tolerance has come to end. You see them soon, with different banner and different sacred tales. Will soon be in our entrance with our prayers. We do not convert anyone. They are coming back to their ancient home. Our god will have to admit them."

"We have paved Seven ardent principles which will guide the state in future. You are our bloodlines and vital centres, who will be implementing it in its true format." A power point presentation for eleven minutes continued.

1. **Guideline Ideology.** Outwardly, leaders of Indian National Party will speak softly on various religion and secularism. If the world Christian Lobby once feel that Catholicism is being attacked, it will prevent corporates and financial centres from Investment in India. Islamic countries unfortunately do not treat Indian Muslims as original Muslims. Nor they care except some donations and Haj Yathra. Muslims who had gone with a dream of better world in Arab Nations had been treated as third class immigrants. Very few investors survived with their huge investment and business. Not far off all these workers may also come back. They must come with a clear idea, that they are entering into Hindu Rashtra, and they shall either serve this state or mingle in one stream. We continue our polarisation, now, as well in future.
2. **Polarisation Essential for our Agenda:** Still our communal agenda will be rigorously implemented along with religious polarisation. Real or imaginary threat from our neighbour Pakistan will be met with a limited war. Borders will always be disturbed with sounds of artilleries. Their attempt to take over Kashmir in 1947 is used as a poisonous weed to feed our people. Enmity will be customised between the two. A total fear will always be haunting the nation, that our enemy is at the doorsteps. Rugged debates in TV will sparkle with stories showing Pakistan army men in border shelling and buildings are cracked, localities are injured. 10 years old videos will be streamed with several morphing and cuttings. Even children will be taught to play gun battled with Pakistanis, even virtual games. But be careful. Some of our boys showed some bloody battle and shootings between Indians and Pakistanis. When the close was shown, it was Kazakhstan border tribal wars or some Afghan clashes. Such mistakes will be averted.
3. **Threat of Terrorism eternal:** Our Loud voices will often be heard that the nation is in peril and that enemy is at your gate. Anti-Terrorism is our eternal agenda. Even when people sleep, they shall find the guns and grenades disturbing them in sleep. An artificial phobia against terrorism, will be planted by us or bred by us if necessary. But the problem is, lies do require hundred times repeated reciting in the social media and public meeting. Otherwise, the phobia will be turned to myths and ghost tales.
4. **Fear is the key to rule:** People comment that we are manufacturing this hollow phobia. We shall not ignore them. A few will do anti-campaign. If they are louder, book them under sedition, anti-national act and make them to taste real terrorism inside the Jail. USA had succeeded in keeping them under this threat. In fact, the fear is so much, none trust that his neighbour, a fine human. We are elephant, even if the enemy is a rodent, people want us to hit and bleed them. We shall have no respect for Buddha, Mahaveer

or Gandhi in our private appearance. Public utterance will be opposite. They will spoil our party agenda.

5. **Protector - One Great leader:** We have found that this neo-heroism is catchier to the TV addicted, average person. We are personifying our PM as Rambo, James Bond of India. Irrespective, they are educated or illiterate, we have become their warlord. In the mind of the citizens - The Protectors. We are told that the Citizen will slowly lose their internal courage and surrender to us for protection. We are going to be their mental asylum. Let it be. It is our political strategy to mute the revolting groups.
6. **Supremacy of our religion:** Our best advantage is, both our ethnic minority and our neighbourhood Pak, do share the identical religion against which we systematically create horror, hatred, and venom. It works out excellently, fine for our Pogrom and programme. Guruji told that they shall either accept our supremacy or else live as subordinate citizens. Our one-point agenda, assimilate in our faith, have change of heart and come back to our religion or else you deserve no citizenship. Now changed. We denationalise them. 'Others have no place as citizens.' Lot of condemnations are heard on our policy against minorities. Have we deleted them, have they become detente, have thrown them to lions or deported them? Nothing we did so far. We are open to embrace them provided they embrace our religion.

We know, it is hard for them to abandon their faith out of fear of being punished by their god. It is a boon for us, that we can continue our campaign alleging them infidels. When you run a state hundred such fringe issues state will have loss of productivity. Ignore. Take, Assamese registry matter .40 lakhs people are now stateless, eating our food and dirtying our soil. What is to be done? Push them in Bangladesh? They say that these people are not ours. Can we push them in to Myanmar? That government is throwing the Rohingyas out of their borders. They boast that they are most merciful Buddhist state with its brutal military rule. What we shall do with 40 lakhs. Throw them in Bay of Bengal? Convert them as Boat people and float them in sea. Whatever I say, it was once done by some states around the globe. We are not going to be new, to bear the blame tag-Inhumans! It is global.

7. **One nation, one party, led by one tall leader.** We slowly cut the oppositions, however, powerful they are or however louder they are. Now they will be weakened and will slowly perish. All their cases, files, financial misappropriations are under scrutiny of red eyes. If so clean, we are filing at least a drug case, a honey trap or money bag or charge of rape on their nephew or brother-in-law. Shabby wealth of politicians grows with all viruses of vices. It infects the members of the politicians. Now, the powerful leaders with their unaccounted real estates and uncounted currencies, are running wild or now shielding themselves from the attack. Or falling at our feet. Our party leaders arrange for big welcome show and give wide publicity, even if he is ready to be pall bearer. They drop them dead as soon as exposure is done. That is the end of their public life.
8. **Tax terror, Gunning with state machinery:** We have several agencies in the government. Police, CBI. Enforcement directorate, investigating agencies and judicial system. All come under our control. Now, enemies shall go for eternal silence or will be silenced for ever. In the recent elections, oppositions had their moles inside. We planted them. We dug several thousand crores from the backyards of leaders. They shall wait for MP pension, every month to get their ration.



9. **Our party funds:** An enforcement directorate excavate Rs.1,000s of crores. The enforcement department calls us. People raided and huge cash is dug up, under Sec.270A, they must pay penalty of 100 to 300%. The tax evaders mutely pay the cash, which was unearthed during the raided to enforcement dept officials. The money lands in our warehouse. And we build party fund without any hassles. That money does not bear any corruption sticker. Money came from the sale of dog will not bark. We have a very few loyal government servants, in high places, who will remit the cash to party on every raid. They are alone sent all over India with this assignment.
10. **Monopoly on industries, finance, business.** Whole market economy will be under our thumb. We will build and breed the corporates who are in our courtyard. Rival competitors will set to ruins. We block rivals, Business communities will be loyal to our party.
11. **Corporatism is the path:** We have nearly a trillion dollars' worth of properties with the government as owner. The public sector companies were made to rust and die. It is a huge burden to run them, create market, wealth, then appropriate that wealth for us. Now we sell the scraps, land, and remit to government treasury. In fact, the ruling party is the hidden broker here. Government will get trillion dollars; we will get ten billion at least. Mark my word in India, government will not own any property. We have novel idea of running private prison and use the convicts to supply cheap labour. It is corporate, corporate alone. Government of India will not run any banks, will not run any insurance corporation. Railways, seaways, and airways will be under government for lease and fall back. All operations will be privatised. It is a corporatism revolution; Religion and corporates are our direct link to the people.
12. **Capital will grow grains:** Agriculture will be transformed into a powerful and potential sector with huge capital infusion. Now itself we have 74% of land holding in the hands of 2 to 3 of rich landlords. We will target them and convert them as corporate sectors with good number of investors. We withdraw subsidies. We slowly reduce bank loans to small farmers. Monsanto and Cargill, MNCs indirectly are entering. All the seeds sold and planted shall be certified high breeds. Water supply will be restricted to the lands that are sowing and reaping according to government instructions and after they remit the insurance fees. Tractors, mowers, harvesters, will be made easy by contract from Uber and other transport agencies. Now, villagers and agricultural labourers will be relieved of hard work and suffering in scorching sun. This transformation is our major agenda now. We can grow three times of crops than now. You can be in that spectrum, huge money!
13. **Fusion with MNCs:** While we compete to reach six to seven trillion economies, we will have to synchronise and float our economy with the world financial capital. Multi-nationals are going to land in good number to work for our economy. Our PM had travelled 156 countries with his business Jaunt. At least 30 to 40 trade and business tycoon had signed 1000s of contracts. They are begging an inroad for their capital. We have giant leap forward. Temporary economic setbacks are artificial. We shall make a boom in 2023 and amaze the people, supplementing four years backlog.
14. **Monopoly on the means of communication.** First time we raised full volumes of mass communication. TVs and New Papers were told to stop their anti-propaganda against our India's Nationalist Party. Those who failed to be silent and talk of press freedom will find their liberty at jail finally. We did this. Now, all are audios and videos of "His Master's Voice".
15. **PM Jumbo tourism** and Prime Minister do directly talk privately to the heads of the large industries and business houses. Enter contracts and big deals. Our friends of the past in

other countries will be the new industrial owners. They will win big contracts. We will be the beneficiary. We were able to get four hundred or more contracts around the world for our big business community on the direct recommendation of the Prime Minister of India.

16. **Rise of poverty and Unemployment:** Hitler rose from the chaos of economic collapse and huge unemployed youth. They became his Nazi Army. So, many economists and intellectuals are warning that we are in the state depression and unemployment is going to burst. They are dooms day predators. We are announcing schemes after schemes. People are with undulating that money is going to come to them. Jobless Youth force it is our real asset. We promise them paradise. They will be running a writ in streets. They will make a new potential force to run our grip among mass vendors, retailers and thus we will have control over unorganised.
17. **Oppression of working class and peasants:** Finally, the rural simmering and working class zindabad will face our iron fist. Because they deserve only this treatment. In fact, agricultural capitalism and mechanisation will remove the land holding rights of the peasants and they will also be landing as waged workers from the state of sharecroppers. Slowly, we are removing the agriculture procurement, manure subsidy, electricity concessional rates to agriculture. Alternatively, we will make the peasants to take share holding in corporates and leave the land to the companies. If the farmers failed to co-operate, they will still have their uncultivated land. Let them choose.
18. **No more communist:** The communist are another godless religion. They will speak more of class struggle against exploitation and human rights. They are our inherent threat. British considered them as Enemy number one, while they ruled India. We are buying some with their original ideas. They are frustrated with the fallen number and many communists are proved to be purchasable in state like West Bengal. Communists are theoretically intellectuals and financially bankrupts. I do find no future for them. We will see no future exist for them.
19. **We shall grow to greater height:** Friends, we have the nation in our palm. We will be the rulers for another century. You and I may not live long in our golden times, but history will speak volumes about us. Thank you. Catch the youth and school children, breed them in party line. We have paid at least one or two lakhs, per head, middle class women to add ten crores' members. They need not be loyal. We are only giving them brand value, India's Nationalist Party member. It will substitute the caste pride. We give identity to boast, we are Indians, we are Hindus, we are India's Nationalist party member,

There was a continuous clap. Most astounding Agenda is completed. Members after a break met to transact their agenda. Final announcement came, "Our national brigade will have next meet with in one month. We will further discuss about carrying on the path laid by our hon. PM." Members started moving out.

"Swarsaa, will you stay to night."

The last sentence sent a shock from foot to head to Swarsaa. He meekly nodded.

"Swarsaa, please do not book any flight ticket, till presidium direct you to do."

Mountain looks very spectacular from distance  
Prostitutes look beautiful when they make up  
Wars stories are interesting to hear  
All the three things are interesting from distance.  
MANUSMRITI

## CHAPTER 02

### DESTINATION ROYDURG

Maha Upanishad, a Sanskrit scholar and one of the top-level government authorities, was that his son Pranav Upanishad shall continue with the present senior lawyer at Bangalore. His reputation is high among the judges as many of them, were his seniors earlier in the High Court. Senior spent more times with clients and VIPs in discussion, dining, and drinks. Pranav utilised the opportunity of absentee lawyers to attend the court. His arguments and examinations started receiving the attention of law lobby. Cross examination area, he started excelling. His senior was alarmed by the rising of his junior.

Senior told him to prepare affidavits and do chamber practice. Petty cases or errand run for filing application papers in various courts, created monotony. No one wanted to attend courts outside the city. He was sent to criminal courts in Raydurg and other town Magistrate courts. It was an excellent opportunity. Here, the cases at lower court gave him greater opportunity to concentrate on strengthening the plaint and preparing the grounds. Roydurg, his birthplace gently pulled him inside.

When he was in the bar, he met the poor man. Pranav explained to him how that his case is deliberately mishandled. His wife suddenly bent and touched the foot. Pranav was suddenly shocked. He saw tears flowing from her eyes. She said that they had already lost one part of the land and for the second part this case is going on. Lawyer is forcing them to sign some papers, telling their rights are gone to the illegal occupant. Property worth is several crores. Lawyer offered settlement of three lakhs.

Her husband begged Pranav to take his case. If the land goes, they will have to die of hunger. Besides, they had taken agriculture loan, which they cannot pay. Pranav gave a letter to him to hand over to the judge. The judge was a little confused for a few minutes.

He called another lawyer, who was about to start his argument. *"Mr. Ramesh, your client wants to change his lawyer now and he wants you to give no objection letter."* That lawyer temper gone high, started protesting that he will not give any objection letter.

Calmly the judge said that it is only a formality and decency among lawyers and not law. *"You had collected your fees of Rs.20,000 till date, which is too high also, your client says. Secondly, you collected one lakh to file an appeal against their lost claims in High Court. Even plaints were signed by them. Four Months over. You cheated them, by not filing."*

The red-faced lawyer took all the papers and tried to walk out. Judge was irritated. He knows that the case is being deliberately mishandled. *"Mr. Ramesh, leave all the papers of this client on the table and walk out, if you want. Please, in front of me, do not cause harm to a litigant. Do not insult the court."*

Two minutes, Pranav studied the plaint and began the argument quoting the section and with case laws. Next week the order passed with a right to open his earlier case for review by the same court. The family of the client including his mother came. Pathetic, their conditions were. A few minutes later a tall, muscled man came in. Pranav did not notice his entry for one or two minutes.

*"Sir, I am Umesh Naik, a practicing lawyer at Roydurg"*

*"What do you want, I have to leave now?"*

*"Sir, I want you to continue your service here, I will come as your partner. Do not bother, it is a home of 2,000 sq. ft. office and 3,000 sq. ft. garden."*

*"Why man, what I can do with the building and garden? You, yourselves seems to be a busy lawyer, with a hefty muscle power" looking at his body with suppressed smile.*

*"Sir, it is your seventh or eighth visit. Your heart has a concern for the poor, you speak that openly in the court. I had read your research paper and found your lofty human feelings. If you really want to do, something noble, some justices, please do stay. Here thousands are begging for help."*

*"Please sit down. Why do you confuse me: why are you spying on me?"* Pranav laughed.

He gave a list, *"Sir, one case, unconnected you fought, and you are now telling them, I do not want money. They got back seven crores property. Till yesterday, they were suffering to procure their ration. Here thousands of tribals, agricultural labourers, small holders, traders are facing untold misery, I will bring four lawyers to work with you. Take them as partners or juniors. But help those who have lost everything here."*

*"Why this 21<sup>st</sup> century adventurism, man. Do you think that all these agriculture labourers, tribals will come out of their slave mentality, inferiority culture and come to court to seek justice? Remember how many communist leaders struggled and sacrificed their whole life. What happened? Had they stood behind their selfless leaders and sympathisers, at least 60% of land and income would have remained in their hands. They do not want liberty or freedom. They deserve no sympathy too unless they determine and rise. Slavish mind set and freedom from oppression can not go together. They will not leave their lumpen mentality. They worship their landlord. They fear that this court also as another lounge of the rich. We will be ditched by them at the right moment."*

*"Yes sir, Your frustration we too sense. Can I tell you a story told by Ramakrishna Paramahansa? Will you bear with me? Once a hermit saw a scorpion floating on Ganga, struggling to survive. The hermit, saw it coming near him, lifted it in the palm and tried to leave it on the bank. The scorpion bit him and fell in the water. Again, the hermit did the same. It bit him and fell in the water. Again, he was trying to save that. Somebody saw this and asked him, why he is trying to save the biting scorpion? He responded, the genetic character of that scorpion may be to bite anyone who touched it, but as sanyasi, my genes demand, I must save the living beings'. Pranav, people will have hundreds of inhibitions and fear to fight in the court of law. We shall create confidence. When they had come, we failed to meet influence of the powerful men of this region and their band of lawyers. Today, you tore many of them. We had already built the movement here. Why not you join in this legal battle?"*

*"So, you want me to that sadhu Maharaj, and I shall receive scorpion bites, is that you want?"*

*"Yes, Pranav- you are perfectly, correct?"* He shook his hand smiled.

Next day, Pranav was in his usual morning jogging. He used to move aimlessly on the vacant streets. After jogging six kilometres, he turned around to return. Suddenly his attention was drawn to small crowd on the village road. Pranav just stopped two minutes. To his distress, he saw dead body of a husband and wife. A three-year boy was crying. One age old lady was trying to hold him with her slender hand. Some villagers were around, trying to arrange for his cremation. Some guy standing close to Pranav said that the family had twelve acres of land. Swarsaa, Zamindar of

that area, had forced them to sign some bond paper and took away their land. With the broken heart, they came home committed suicide. Their boy is still alive. First time Pranav saw a man among the crowd, angrily shouting that they are boneless cowards to confront that monster. Someone told him that youngster is a leader of local armed communist group and dead enemy of Swarsaa. Pranav asked his neighbour; does he know him?

*"He is Viswas Prasad - he is our leader."*

*"Can I talk to him, late in the evening. My card, you give it to him when he is alone. Now tell him to arrange for police record."*

That man immediately caught Pranav hand asked, *"Betta, can you help that family, to get back the land from Swarsaa - orphaned boy has nothing now. I know you are the new lawyer, who helped Rajappa, whose 7 acres land was restored."*

*"Is this also an Inam land, granted to the road sweepers and scangers family - 71 years back? Government allotted to lowest strata?"* Pranav asked.

*"Yes, my son, the same. But Swarsaa make poor to sign and takeaway the land. See that seventeen-story hotel of Swarsaa. It is covering 54 acres. Six acres are mine. Seventy-seven people who are from road sweepers and scavenger's community including my land lost, Sir"*

*"Did anyone go to the court?"*

*"No sir, Swarsaa will open an account for the landowner and credit fifty thousand or one lac and get their signature in the sale deed."*

*"What is the value of the land?"*

*"Now 89 to 90 Lakhs sir,"*

*"Come tomorrow, I will give you an application seventy copies. Get signature with survey numbers, address in that. You all will get their land. Will you stand firm even if Swarsaa threatens you?"*

That man was stunned by the last sentence, *"You will get back your land."*

He stood with chocked emotions. Pranav was leaving the scene.

While Pranav was moving, that man went to Viswas and gave him the card. Viswas saw him moving and nodded his head. That day onwards Umesh Naik office had become conclave to debate. Old family home of Roydurg turned to be Pranav living home. Town was abuzz with one blaze-Swarsaa dictatorship is falling.

One week later High Court heard the case of 77 scheduled caste landowners Inam land holding case. Inam lands were purchased with a sale deed, with a token value. All under valued properties were not even defined as Inam allotment to schedule tribes and scheduled caste. Sub-registrar was also pulled first time in the case. He feigned ignorance. Several clients filed affidavit that it was the Sub-registrar who listed all these properties and called the owners to sign the agreements. High Court considered that these inam lands cannot sold or purchased by anyone under Prevention of Transfer of Certain lands Act and struck down the transfer of all the lands.

The High Court did not accept the argument of the sub-registrar of land, that he is not accountable to such sale or purchase. Judges took a position, that it is dereliction of his duties and ordered him to come to the court in one month with complete reversal all sale. Order also stated that the landowners are to be forcefully evicted. Their cultivation was blocked by the illegal

purchaser. Their temporary dispossession is to be compensated by the so-called purchaser. Hence, amount paid for purchase of land need not be repaid. Whole village was excited and first time in their life, they found court can also knock down the criminals. The man who met him on the street earlier with his request to restore the land came to him to offer his fees.

*“Pranav sir, you know, my land is valued at 2.1 crores at the last deal between two business groups. They came to me and asked me to withdraw the case, they were cheated. They came from Gujraath to invest. My son told them, they collaborated with Swarsaa to cheat the poor. They very well know that the land is coming under Prohibition of Sale of Properties Act cannot be sold to out outsiders. Even then they purchased, thinking that none can do anything in Roydurg against Swarsaa. He told them, not seventy-seven, all around 749 acres of Inam lands were purchased by Gujraathis, Marwaris and a few Tamilnadu and Andhra groups. All stand to lose their rights.”*

Evening Umesh Naik gave him one information. *“Pranav, Dalit Youth Front is a powerful movement here, organising protest and programme recently. They had given a letter of warning to the government not to interfere and try to damage the claims of the poor. Fortunately, the Urban Land Minister is a Dalit movement leader. They went on a deputation and told he as very happy about the order. These boys did not leave him. Press was called and in public meet, he was forced to spell his government stand. He openly told that the government will not give any exemption or change the regulation. Government will stand by the original law in the higher courts and will demand to court to honour the High court single judge order.”*

That evening Vishwas came with another three persons - Duke, a college leader, Anjay and Sakee, industrial workers. Pranav told them that he is planning to shift the practice partly in Roydurg Magistrate Court and his practice at Karnataka High Court will continue as he must appear in High court on appeal.

*“Here Umesh had given me a list of cases. Wherein, the court, public prosecutors, judges had played a shylock role and taken pound of flesh and blood too. What happened to this Tribal Eviction case?”* he queried.

*“Pranav, it was not even admitted and they tribals were driven out by the police as nuisance and disturbance to the court proceedings. Some lawyers posed themselves as their patron and collected all the evidence and ditched them.”*

*“Get me the papers, whatever is available to morrow, including the photos when police were beating and driving them out of the court premises. If possible, a few government survey records of their villages.”*

Next week, Roydurg court received a special envelope from the High Court of Karnataka. The order was directing the court to admit the cases of four hundred seventy-one tribal family's eviction and later land allotment done to diary forum of Swarsaa. The trio moved in a whirlwind speed and collected all the evidence of the tribal living in that location with photos, Election cards, ration cards and old photos of marriages of their family, permission for the tribal families to live in that forest area. Vikas told the tribal to submit their application for lot allotment done individually. 600 tribals came before the sub-registrar office. Fearing another dismissal and back lash, sub-registrar office allowed them to take all copies.

Papers were filed, issues framed, and evidence were examined. Judge, saw the seven hundred files were uniform with the list of documents and applications and evidence. Seven hundred tribal family's photos in their old hamlets. Police beating and driving the tribals on the rough terrains were received from some media journalist. Many were in precarious and abandoned condition.

Shockingly several children died in this eviction and hunting. Police refused to file any FIR. The local press was nervous to publish. But, they know, it is going to explode soon.

Evening six o' clock, Pranav was coming out of the court veranda, where he was discussing with the tribals. An SUV came in front of him, and four men came out. One thug approached him and told him, that he shall accompany them to meet their boss. Pranav got irritated. He coolly showed the court hall and told that his boss can see him here. Immediately, they held his hands and tried to throw him in the vehicle. Pranav slapped him so powerfully, that guy almost fainted. Another guy removed his knife stabbed him on the stomach. But Pranav hit him in his groin. But the knife made a slash in the hip of Pranav. Blood started bleeding profusely. In distance some twenty tribals, who were loitering around the court premises for their bus were alerted. Suddenly, they found that their lawyer is attacked by rowdy elements. Instantly, they react with their tribal defence instinct. Shouting, they took some stones and threw on the car. Small boulders and stones in their hand started hitting the men and the car. The windshield was smashed. One young boy ran and pulled Pranav back and held him carefully. Two thugs fell on the road, bleeding and third one was severely wounded. The tribal men came in front of the car and broke the windshield. Pranav recovered his sense, and he knew, if the wounded rogues die on the spot, it will take an adverse turn. So, he shouted at his men and ask them to throw the wounded inside the car. Fortunately, this court doors were locked by four o'clock. None existed to witness. The SUV driver, saw his men maimed and their broken bodies were thrown inside the SUV. His front glass was broken by a boulder. Life is in danger. Tribals gave way and moved to the side. He started the car madly pushed the pedal and sped away. Pranav arm was bleeding and how much it had cut in the rib he could not realise. He was rushed to the hospital and bandaged. He told the tribals not to bother and go back to their village immediately. But they had a separate discussion and told five of them will stay with Pranav till he recovers.

Raydurg bubbled and boomed with the hot news. All papers carried the news of attempt to murder. Tribals spread the news of stoning back Swarsaa men. Topic in the newspaper made everyone to smile.

***"STONAGE MEN ATTACK CITY BRUTES WITH BOULDERS."***

Hundreds of visitors came to hospital. Pranav was really moved by the villagers and town crowd, which suddenly showed an unseen affinity.

Dr. Vainav who was closely monitoring, told, hospital not allowing more visitors, because the crowd to his ward is uncontrollable. Many visitors had given their cards, and many had registered in a visit book. He handed over the card to him. Miss. Sheona, Chief Admn. Officer, Bank of Scotland, Raydurg. He was holding the card for long time with a smile. Dr. Vainav was looking at his face calmly.

He took back the card and smilingly told, *"Pranav, she is still waiting and inspecting your case sheet, Shall I invite her, is it fine?"*

Pranav's eyes were brightening. A few minutes after, a beautiful young lady entered, with a mischievous smile. *"Hi, hero of Raydurg, I am told that you fought outside the court too, with your Kungfu kicks."*

She warmly held his hands and told *"Be careful, you have antagonised the powerful beast of this state. And now hear me. Till you recover, I am going to bring you your food and all your needs."*

*"Don't do that, all will ask why you are doing all these hospitality services, I am a pure bachelor"* His hands were holding her hands tightly.

She smiled, *"I am doing that to expose that who I am to you. Is it fine? Mr. Bachelor, my fingers are paining stop crushing it."*

Dr. Vainav was crossing. *"Dr. Vainav, meet, Miss Sheona, she will be ...."*

*"Your Special visitor and we shall issue her an ID card. Is that what you want to say? Done."*

Two of the three men, who participated in the attack of Pranav, were absconding. A hunt was made. The magistrate wrote the Inspector general to deploy more security to the court. Police knows, who is the culprit. But how to commence the investigation against the kingpin in his own land?

*"Sir, we are sending a search party to the jungle region."* SP was sitting in the evening with Swarsaa.

*"Don't do more chaos. It will further raise more probe and more problem. They had gone out of the state and will not return to Raydurg."*

*"Sir, it will embolden the Maoist assault against you, sir. Today, poster campaign, hartal, tomorrow there is going to be a large procession and public meetings."*

*"That is all, how long dogs can bark? You can afford to have 24 hours security as SP. I, Swarsaa, can have grade Z? What about them? We cannot protect those guys. They escaped or allowed to go, half dead, after they were caught by those tribals. They are condemned human pieces for us. Leave them all. The locals know their identity. I have moved them to some hospital in Bangalore. Once they are alright, they will go far off. SP sab, Maoist kangaroo court has passed orders to shoot them, if they are within the range of 100 kilometres. I paid 5 lakhs rupee each and told them to shift their family too. They will work with different units of Aryan Nationalist Crusaders' corridors in some other state. We have arrangement."*

*"See SP sab, your law, and orders, did not or cannot do anything. All Taliban's here are militant dirty Communist fundamentalists. They are running para government here. I was the only one who can resist them as any Afghan tribal head. I have lost 120 men in this battle. But we still go with enmity as part of co-passengers. My neighbour may be a Maoist, my two or three servants are their admirers. I am yet to know why my house was not bombed. They are also yet find one reason, why I have not arranged for a massacre by my government at centre."*

SP asked him, *"Exactly, why you avoid this lighting strike on the tribal area to weed out Maoist? Secondly, why they are not bombing your home? I am not mind reader sir. Can you reason out?"*

Swarsaa told, *"With all their brutality and no tears for murdering their class enemy, I found that they refuse to attack women, old and children. They refused to kill innocents, except betrayers. My eldest daughter and her children had gone to jungles and tribal hamlets several times. She spends her earning there. She knows some of them. She has a different ideas and mission of studying the socio-economic life of the hill tribals and landless peasants. Maoist used to discuss with her on this issue. And for your information, she had submitted several papers on Tribal Rehabilitation to government. Not one word she discussed or debated with me. I have an inhouse enemy. How can I point my fingers men from the distance?"*

*SP sir, in the same compound we are two opposite ideologists. Myself and my daughter have stopped talking with each other. She once in anger called me leader of the human monsters. It was so wounding. My wife did not shout at my daughter. So, she is in covenant. I found that I am isolated in my own home!"* in remorse, he turned his face to hide his pains.



After some time, he recovered from the melancholy mood and looked at Superintendent of Police. *“Lankesh, being a good friend of mine, I tell you, we will be heroes, great leaders. Flowers will be strewn on our path. Word of praise and image glory may make us feel that we are born to rule. All are sounds, all are colourful bubbles. My only son, I lost in this war for supremacy: My legal heir. I believe seven years back. My wife turned to be flame tong from that day onwards.*

*Now, my brother’s son Durisha has suddenly became lunatic. He was the only male decedent, the legal heir, in our family. My daughter and my wife are there with me in this building. One erroneous word of my tongue may liberate them too. I am lonely with ten thousand followers or sycophants around me. Someone at home, so close, broke that huge luminous image as mud pot. May be my poorva janma karma, I do not know. I suffer because of grave sins of the previous birth or the karma of the present. I did more sins than good deeds for this power, unlimited wealth. Others think I am near the supreme power. Whatever it is my acts did their damages. I am not going to retrack by path. Death can stop alone me.”*

He walked away without a word to the police officer. SP saw him entering his room. This man blames the Karma of previous life, that is damaging his present life, what about the present life of all cruelties? Power comes with curse. More the power, more fatal the profanity. He moved to his jeep. He looked at his hands. Blood marks are seen. May be a visual error! May be ... He is not able wipe out that from his memory cells.

**Past life deeds do cause severe diseases. Ten types of heinous crimes and sins – ten types of diseases.**

**Killing of Brahmins cause anaemia  
Killing of cow’s cause kusta-leprosy  
Assassination of king’s cause tuberculosis.  
Innocent commoner.....  
(KARMA VIPAKA)**

## CHAPTER 03

### NEO-CAVE DWELLERS.

Wonderful experience for men to live in cave, as ancient nomads. Living among the nature, enjoying flowing water with purity, sharing the common food, with no land or property as own, no ambition to accumulate wealth, it was what they called Primitive communism. None with any possession and not even women treated as possession of any men. Own nothing, born frees, die, parting nothing as material or land. A time to hunt, till land and live with nature. No unequal and no landlord or serfs, no capital and working class. Society was vagrant, lived as masses, moved, and migrated everywhere as large caravan. Sakee was imaging that socio-cultural life sitting among the rocks.

Hundred and eighty-seven cadres were sitting in that jungle cave. From their sculptured face, muscle built up, tanned skin and powerful look, most of them looked as though they are warriors of jungle. Seven feet high and four hundred meters deep cave is a place of miracle in the western Ghats. Viswas was looking around. Three Ph.Ds., fourteen M.As., a greater number of graduates, students, Peasant movement leaders, tribal chiefs more than forty. They are in hide out, or among the battle or firing range, their language is- no fear.

Political education and discussion on Party Programme.

The agenda before the movement were explained by Viswas and Duke. Birth of a new front Azadi Brigade and its draft programmes. Regrouping of all the communist's groups in India under one common forum to fight against the oligarchy of the corporates and their henchmen central cabinets.

*"Comrades, we have hundred and eighty-seven cadres who are in the frontline of the struggle here. We have a lakh of ardent followers in our AP, Maha, Odesa, MP, Chhattisgarh Chottanagpur region. Government called us Maoist and Naxals. They have added some new names as Urban Naxals. We have a few theoretical experts in Marxist Philosophy. Some are good at Marxist economy and some on the Mao's theory and practice and theory of contradictions. Here we are convinced that communism is the sole solution to our miseries of class oppression. We learnt and practiced Marxism. We had heard speeches of our leaders, participated in many morcha, struggles, conflicts and even were jailed for years. We turned steel in every attack on us. In us the commitment to our ideology, which alone can bring liberation to the billions of poor is imprinted deep. We never had lived for worldly goods and possessions. We never believe any enmity, but a large section of the world of capitalism, is trying to eliminate us from the society.*

*The philosophy or scientific reasons of Marxism are not prescribed as lesson in schools, even though we had greater role in the liberation of colonial countries. Communists were banned by British government in India, even though, Great Britain had communist party. Several leaders were arrested under sedition and conspiracy act. Famous trials, Peshawar, Meerut, Cawnpore trials shook the history, yet we were pushed behind by all the parties. British, later Indian rulers hated our massive unity and fearless struggles. Even to-day all these bourgeoisie parties and right wings continue their tirade against us. Our banner will not vanish- we will rise from the ashes again and again.*

*We are now in the information era. The captive phony angels, come before the screen and give life to lies and make truth vanish. So called free and democratic news channels of the Corporatism, are turning to be his masters voice of the Fascist regime. Marx identified this present Corporatism as Comprador class. They are the financial giants and traders, share market and new media maniacs. They came pulling down the feudal bourgeoisie combine, aside, from the lobby of the political power. Social ethics are anathema. Elections are normally hacked. They*

*buy and sell Prime Ministers. This country political system is speeding towards hollow democracy.*  
“

*Comrades, they research digital footprints and traces, whom we are going to vote. They switch off the prospect of anti-voting in selective centres. Big data requires big money. They simply remove voters from lists and buy votes with a price tag and lolly pops. It is an open cash and carry conspiracy. They bribe the influential community leaders. Like US, more than 10000 votes were kept in mobility to cast some marginally less votes. They vote in three different constituencies with fake voter IDs. Election commission fix polling in different dates as per the directions of the ruling parties. Lefts failed to combat them-these holograph men and their fiendish powers. But we shall find alternative sensitive weapon of political combat. We shall know, why people fail to safeguard their democratic rights. We shall continuously work with the people. We shall sensitise them. Our weakness is our weak machinery of propaganda. Our weakness is to score on the failures and deeds of the regime.*

*To-day we face a grave danger. A state of frog syndrome. Our concern is, sickening economic condition, falling of production, increasing loan burdens, closure of industrial sheds, lack of and loss of job opportunity, increasing lawlessness of the law makers, ever corrupt bureaucracy, dark future of the youth of the nation. But people are diverted on non-issues, drama of mock TV wars, fake news channels, communal clash, Pseudo-heroism by creating artificial war scenes, deliberate favour to private capital, saying that it will help the poor. Huge project with zero funding is another culture. Value of the franchise has been demeaned as casino slot machine. A sense of helplessness and weakness ride over people: We are being boiled, but not able to jump out. Thus, the frog syndrome. Most of the hate campaigns are communicated through Internet companies like, What's app, face book or Instagram, or twitters. A major section is viewing conveying to others without smart phone. We are losing even that ground, being far behind.*

*We fail to build our alter-native socio-economic structure and carry the same before the people against this evil of corporatism. What we talk but our voice is muted by the ruling class media. We are running behind the time. Can we leap forward? Will other comrades, left oriented forums come along with us? Think! An Azadi from Fascism movement shall commence, with millions of comrades in the street and hundreds of organisations with their red flag.*

*What is to be done? Sakee will take over.*

*This is our political education class. We communist do accept changes in thoughts, ideas, social reforms, technologies, and political strategies are constant, save our ideology. If we abandon the ideology, no need to be in the communist movement. First, you shall know that world has not experimented an absolute communist state. Kingdom of God never been experienced by any pontiff in religion on this earth-correct? In the highest state of communism, there is no government of this bourgeoisie form. It is a long and arduous journey turning the mindset of millions. We need people acceptance, endorsement, and dedicated participation. As American*

*dreams to become a big corporate head, we too have a dream to lift the people, where humanism and sacrifice to the society. But we do not wait for time to ripe-we work.*

*First principal line is 'our movement will renounce the earlier political revolution to establish a government through an armed struggle.' We are making a historical change in our programme and strategy for two reasons. Rationality makes us to realise that the sophisticated arms and war weapons are more robotic and drone modes. Apache helicopters are most powerful air defence: excellent satellite monitored or thermal tracking. They will attack us. We will lose our forces if we venture armed conflicts. They are prepared to destroy the whole forest to massacre us. Along with us tribal hamlets will be wiped out. Guerrilla wars are no more possible solution. We are tracked more by google, satellites, biometrics operation tracking or our DNA.*

*Tribals have learnt to struggle and fight back, drawing world attention. Mining lobby is on looting spree are confronting a powerful resistance. India, the forests are going to be privatised by the ruling Mafia and mining corporates are going to nude that. After 10000 years, the present government condemns that hilly tribals are the reason for destruction of the forest wealth. Governments do lie, not one occasion, hundred times. Kashmir will lose her beauty soon. Wake them up. This is beginning of our new struggle. We raise the waves of protest among the people. We shall organise with more mass movements: An Azadi Brigade. All our frontal cadres shall organise class education, mass rally, civil resistance movement and class struggle against the bourgeoisie powers. We broaden the base. March ahead comrades.*

Com. Sakee commenced his speech:

*"Now, what is communism? Simple clarification is -commonly owned. All the natural resources, wealth of the nation is to be commonly owned. A doctrine that says that abolition of the private ownership of all the properties. Is it difficult to do? No, because 90% are not in possession of any private property, which is used in the Productive Process. They are owned by 2% of the population. 2% can lose their land holds, heaven will not fall. All those incomes generated by millions of work force amounting to several trillion rupees are not equitably distributed. The ethical concept of production is "Each according to ability and each according to the need-Distribute the wealth generated." Why this philosophy is hated, why this idea of equality is not under-stood by the masses. We introspect and we do find answer.*

*We were captive slave in some nations, including our own land. Or serfs, agricultural workers, sharecroppers and so many distinct roles. A few confiscated the land resources and claimed its right over the same and the crude laws were framed to accept it as social dictum. The monarchs to keep their dukes, Jagirs and sardars, their loyal, passed orders that lands which were under the control of his nominees are their private property. When kingdoms were rolled down, new holders came up. Transfer of Property act 1882 did plant the root for legalising landlordism. We, as generator of wealth, had to kneel before these owners of land and later the same wealth took the shape of capital for our industries. Feudal have taken a new avatar of Bourgeois,*

corporate owners later. Commonly owned is nothing to do with personal properties, like home, lands for personal cultivation, cars and so on- which are the hard earnings of individuals for their livelihood and family welfare.

Even to-day our political campaign to revolt against the systemic oppression by the capitalist power is not capturing the imagination of the masses. Owning of properties, even if it is a tomb, take possession, has become implanted chip in people's brains. *Fun* is 91% are still not owning anything nor able to grab their rightful part. *Dreams* continues in man's relation to wealth.

Marx defined about his views of the hollowness of religion. 'Abolition of the religion, which is a sigh of the oppressed creature, a soul of the soulless condition, an illusionary image of impending happiness, fine life, is more of an opium to the real suffering mass.' He spoke. Optimised illusions, if the masses once realised, masses would liberate themselves on their own. No doubt religious teaching was written denouncing cruel deeds of men against another creature. Had religion played its positive role with its deep commitment to honesty, nobility and compassion to the humans, communism would not have succeeded. Has anybody read *Nirvana Shatakam* of Adhi Shankara, where in the god claims "I am ever pure blissful consciousness"? People who understood its deep meaning would not have built a huge ecclesiastical empire. Many messiahs and prophets promised to deliver the people from the miseries and people. People still believe their grace and holy blessings. Problem arose, when the Pontiffs, Purohits, Maulvis, operated as advisors and ambassadors, of the feudal kings, land holders and later business houses. They became the part of bourgeoisie political powers. Moving one step ahead, they became the root cause of social breach in the name of religion and caused blood shed. Karl Marks had to write thesis on the character of the religious heads. They opiated the poor people and diffused the class against feudalism and capitalism. In India, these religious establishments played destructive role and preserved the feudal system to rule. The same pundits and Maulvis divided the people of their religion, while they were confronting the common enemy British. These injurious acts later caused the partition of nation. It is still dividing the society and creating polarisation to favour the ugly ultra-right wings to crush the democratic set up.

Comrades, what is the solution we have against all the evils. National wealth is sufficient to raise the standard of people, unevenly distributed. We shall first relieve the ownership of lands and capital from the modern czars. If we are capable of assuring, that people will have assured living standard and even in old age, the state will care them-people will stop their quest for accumulating endless wealth for their old age. It is surprisingly traced, in many wealthy nations in Europe, senior citizens do not care to accumulate huge wealth to be bequeathed to their descendants. Next generations inheriting the wealth shall be limited or curbed. In USA adult children are told to earn their living and moved out of home. If we assure that a good living- standard for humans till his life on earth. Too deeply embedded or implanted faith on religion and God men will slowly vanish. Reason is inner confidence of men once diminish his dependence of protection

by gods will invariably go up. Once the productive human forces are getting a better share in the social production, better wage, and decent livings, automatically, their consumptions and will improve the Gross domestic production. When national wealth grows high, with higher per-capita consumption of products, the state will ensure the broader continuity of living standard. This dramatically will bring a revolutionary change. Even after their labour power is exhausted due to old age, their needs will be fulfilled by the communist state as mandatory obligation. Humanism pervades above all ambitions and greed of wealthy. That society is the real paradise on earth. We in Indian terms, 'Gods Own Country'

A state that can create such a situation of confidence among people can be created only in the communist regime. Large Private property owners, the corporates will turn their country their harem and corner the social wealth their locked vault. This is what you find in this nation. We participate in this election Mela often and receive lesser response before the megalomania and mesmerising false slogans and show. All are sailing on the iceberg of lies and not the green pasture of true land hidden behind. People have not failed us. We failed to project our self, pushing aside the false demi-gods from the throne. But patience of the mass is melting under the frame of injustice and silent oppression. The days are not far off: When they turn to be wild avalanche. These Governments will collapse as house of cards. But it is not going to be supernatural action. We are going to be the igniters of flame. You and I must play our role in organising nation.

Has communism failed in its revolution on the surface of the earth? The answer is no and yes. How? 1749 French revolution created a new vision to nations, with its slogan Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Ideas of the masses have started changing and the ruling class. They had to slowly grant human rights and compromise on share of the income with the work force. It was propagated as rich men's mercy. Wages, which were told as merciful gift of the owners, later, turned to be lawful right of the working mass. Rulers found the real enemy to their throne. The message of communism spread over Europe and even in India, their seeds were planted. Last century world around nearly 500 colonies existed and one by one raised the banner of struggle and liberated themselves. This is communist first victory against imperialism. India was one among them who raised the flag of liberation after Russian revolution. Poorna Swaraj, was the voice the underground communist and their words were 'Throw out the imperialists. That was the first political resolution of communist party organised in 1920.' Forget not, the major communal forces in India, in those days, were worshipping the FIFTH VARNA, one above Brahmin, the white men reverently as gods descendent. The descendants of those worshippers are your rulers now.

We did capture political powers in many nations, and we had many falls too. But messages among the poverty class and oppressed are so strong. Organised struggles often shook the feet of rulers. Those who disgrace communist, shall have to learn from Cuba and Vietnam. These two nations

were able to kick back the most powerful nation USA. Tiny nation-Vietnam defeated French, British, US army. Working class do carry the idea of class conflict in their mind. Politically, we were failing to convert it as mass vote base. We need to study this.

Today comrade, we are also failing because of our fractions and crossfire criticism of our political allies in the revolution. We shall learn one basic lesson. Who is the pure or impure communist, who committed what blunder in their political carrier, which line failed or succeeded, all shall undergo more research.<sup>2</sup> past errors are dead tales. These are all infantilism among the ranks. If not willing to go as monolith organisation, better all of them do frame their bye law, political resolution, and inner party democratic frame. Be independent, unite, speak with consistence of be silent on a conflicting opinion and move forward. In the election platform total unity shall be reborn. This is historical necessity to keep the struggle active and party alive.

Time is ripe, the fascist will turn the guns next against us, with hundreds of blames and shames generated in their brand factory of fictitious tales. The scripts are being prepared. Medias will stream. Soon they will release that, in 1917 we were born in Russia and came to India as invaders. Already Vedic relation to Nordic region is in the old writings. They are afraid any comparisons will harm their claims of Vedas, Upanishads to the land of Communist ideology. The German language, the Sanskrit resemblance is boasted by them. Marxism born in their parent land is bane to them. Now we the communist of same genes, will be the sixth to invade India through ideology. The other five were- Aryans, Macedonians, Huns, Moguls, the British. Read Indian Vedic history. A word about us: 'communists are weather beaten hides with warm hearts. To us the present laws are law of bourgeoisie made for their ever-green rule.' We shall breach them stone by stone.

We are facing a fascist regime, in its origin. Why I called it as Origin. Their original face is yet to seen. To them Ethics are bane. Values of society are poison. New rulers are moving to despotism. The so-called democratic nation at last fallen prey to the political tactics of Indian corporates. Identify its character with their growth -the mass fanaticism and blind euphoria are:

**Ultra-nationalism**, demanding violence against chosen victims. To keep their cadres in frenzy and opiated state of political delirium, they will be in search of an imaginary enemy within our people: Don-Quixotic warriors. It racial, it is regional, it is linguistic, it is religious minority. Indian political ultra-nationalism is based on communalism

**Why we fail against.** We have a weakness of refusing to quote or shy to use truth from Hinduism to cut their throat. We have lot left oriented intellectuals with good Hinduism as their background. We are afraid that we will be safroonised. Are communist not exposed to religion?<sup>2</sup> No, South American nations have got a deep-rooted communism and they have deep rooted Catholicism too. Their struggles are more powerful than us. In Afghanistan communism grew with Islam.

*Fascist do create total disparaging image about other political parties. Scandalising them, demonetise them. They rampantly attack and disable their opponent leaders. Most of their attacks will be good structured fake tale. But they never bother to give evidence for their statements. Their point is I have poisoned the brains, it is you who shall go for cure. They do resort to physical violence. In this process many lower strata society is funded to kill and get killed. Oppositions are divided and they are also bourgeoisie parties with similar corruptions and no ideology. Hence, they were not able to unite nor having moral strength to fight corporatism.*

*They maliciously created a doubt about loyalty of the minorities towards nation, telling the people that they are neither patriotic nor Indians and not trustworthy. Inhuman destruction of image of a community is the motive behind. The minorities are repeatedly ordered to pledge their faith on India by the pseudo-patriots. It is not the patriotism, they demand, but a total obedience to their authority and power.*

*The minorities economic activities will slowly be squeezed and unseen sanctions on the lower strata imposed. Business places will be destroyed. Silent boycott against minorities will be done. Traders of the majority sect funds these forces. Because a section of their competitors is eliminated. Corporates appreciates, they can get cheap labour and reserve army of unemployed in the market. Such attacks sometimes squeeze the deprived castes livelihood also.*

*Xenophobia or racial intolerance or hatred toward ethnic minorities. Media will be dictated to make it an issue and create a debate, drawing the whole-time attention of the masses, justifying, condemning, debating, pacifying, sympathising. Creating one more episode, satisfying the sadism and arrogance of the a few majorities religious forces. People will be diverted to the sickening and brutal violence and killings.*

*Effect of such acts will be damaging the nation. None will be noticing that nation is sinking, growth is stunted, and labour is abundant without jobs, people are receding to below poverty state accelerated by draught, hunger, and bloody conflicts.*

*Minorities religious activities even now are ridiculed, stoned, disrupted, scorned, and thus cause provocation and breed hatred in their heart. Their retaliation will be in the national headlines, will be treated as treason committed and not a word will be uttered about the brutal insult committed to them. The state will silence them, they will cut their vocal cord and say, with a holy spirit, it is only doctoring with theatre knife. There will a permanent breach in the society.*

*Similarly, the communist and working class will face an unprecedented worst attack. They will relate Russian revolution and china long march and warn the people that communist is bloody revolutionary. The same tongues will speak on the various war conducted by Indian kings with neighbours and praise that this nation is full of warriors and fighters.*

*Any protest or struggle will be handled with iron hand. Police and armed forces, if necessary, will be called to quell all mass national strike. There will be ban on strikes, protest or raising the*



*red flag. It will be treated as anti-national act. Crores of workers, who generate wealth of this nation will be branded as anti-national and unpatriotic. Certification will be signed by the rodents of central government.*

*Glorification of the nation as superpower and undefeatable, will be repeated in every forum. Unwanted threats will follow that the neighbours will be destroyed and defeated in war in the border. Sometimes there will be artificial creation of border conflict and rupturing relationship will be the part of political strategy than a real issue...*

*Create a mass euphoria and limitless authoritarianism of their messiah, one leader. He will be defined as god's creation to relieve the masses from the century old distresses. There will be endless cry that nation was facing lot of misery and injustice. When questioned what they mean, injustice and misery. There will be endless blabbering. One word against their supreme leader will be met with physical assault and lynching. Aryan Nationalist Crusaders, or Neo-Nazi-dal or Fascist student Parishath are all the wings of right-extremism. They are trained in blizzard attacks, disbanding mass protest by violence and even for massacres and carnages. That is their job and paid by state in many forms, including CSR funds for fraudulent trusts.*

*One religion, one ideology, one language, one party and one supreme leader. One election which will be rigged to the core. One Constitution will be breached. States will be partitioned, and their list will be soon cancelled and converted as Central list. J&K is test act. We can sense that the ANC and INP are going on expanding their agenda with twin purpose. One it provides biting bones for their cadres brainlessly to follow their arrogant leaders. Two, it is diverting others from the major disaster on economic and social front- faced by the nation.*

*Besides, in-built mercenaries, privately recruited Gun crews, will target the hard-line critics and political enemies and intellectuals who are reaching the masses with the messages of truth.*

*More than defections and exodus from other parties, massive corruption will haunt the state. Fascist will be the newborn contractors, government agencies, trade license holders, new largest borrowers in banks, new bureaucrats in high offices, new trustees of government projects. Ten thousand posts are being created like directors in banks, PSUs, chairmen and members of all boards. Ministry wise thousand honorary appointments with lakhs of rupees as honorary sum. Fat bribes will get placement to high posts and high posts will earn fat bribes.*

*With funds flow from the hundred channels, they will hail their leader as God, offer prayers and write holy tales about their Messiah, every day, to impress that he is new Avatar. All original gods will slowly be removed from the vision, from the bhajan, from the brain and Dhyana will be- unto dust. Charismatic leader will be presiding deity. Not worshipping him is unholy, unpatriotic, and national insult.*

*A herd of fascist evangelist, with the brand of new intellectuals will fill the whole psychological and political environment with Lies and lies. They will be backed by all fallen bureaucrats and even the old army veterans.*

*Fascism when reaching its ripe condition, it will become more brutal. Banning of all creative and anti-government literary, movie or books. Destruction of the old literatures that were advocating fight against the communal fascism and for human rights. People from other nations will condemn Indians, 'you reared the beast, and you are going to be its favourite meat in the future times.'*

*Concisely, true religious thoughts and mission fail. Democracy and constitution fell as weak victims to the conspiracies of corporatism. Opposition and media surrendered. Minorities were massacred. Will communist be able to resist and confront the wild animalism?*

*Comrades, we have an excellent opportunity to in-vigour the movement. Talk loudly about our ideology, our strong belief in class struggle. Talk about, injustice to peasants and workers. We shall extend our political platforms to middle class traders, small industrial houses, and small land holders too. Mission of corporatism will stampede them. We shall provide platforms to sympathising intellectuals, government officials, professional and various industrial heads. We shall draft a mass programme slowly accommodating the new sections. Identify the class enemies in every talk among the people. We call all those who are willing to hear reasons, to learn, to teach truth and unmask every falsehood. Every injustice in this nation will be violently resisted, if necessary. We open a new chapter today. We open our **Azadi from fascism** campaign. Comrades, victory is ours. Lal salaam.*

**The revolutionary war, is war of masses.**

**Only mobilising and relying on them we can wage that. –MAO**

**Civilisations don't have to clash with each other: What is needed**

**Are eyes to see the beauty in all civilisations- President XI Jinping**

## **CHAPTER 04**

### **Deliberation on thesis of Laws**

When the youths around the world around is trying to move to the major cities, Pranav Upanishad wanted to settle at Roydurg. Perhaps his new mass base that stood with him in his danger, moved his heart. Perhaps, his heart slowly longing to see Sheona, the bank officer. His parents were happier about his son's preference to their ancestral home.

On Thursday morning he received a letter from the National Law Academy. It was an approval of his thesis "Indian Law a social paradox." Pranav's VIVA examination date was 28th of that month.

The D Day came. His guide and other moderators were sitting on the front line. In fact, the moderators were uneasy over the theme of the thesis. Hall was full of Lawyers and law students. He saw his parents in one corner. One of the examiners, an orthodox lawyer expressed that Pranav is supposed to honour the professional ethics. His unpalatable conclusion condemning

the provisions of law as an arbitrary creation of the rich bourgeoisie, for their benefit is a defaming. His Summary of Presentation and his conclusions were submitted orally by him, in forty minutes. Evaluation by two professors of constitution and jurisprudence commenced.

*"We are not able to accept the very conception of your thesis. The founding fathers of constitutions and legal luminaries' contributions are critically rejected by your conclusion. Laws are biased and framed to protect the feudal society and later corporates-is a prejudiced argument. It is ridiculous to bring in your political views into the research area. The depth of your research I do not dispute. But your conclusion are extreme malice and affront on judicial system."* One law student brought a bunch of slip with more questions and handed over to Pranav.

Pranav smiled politely, *"Sir, my research papers are 987 pages. So, also my perceptions and search, travel back to origin of human civilisation, that backs my affront language. Origin is, Manu Smriti - not one Manu as people believe-many Manus. Vedas, Sastras. Ithihasas or eighteen Puranas and their interpretations are mirrors of the ancient time. Others preached that as holy scripts. We explored the cultural injustice and taken it for our research. I love their origin, excellent values, and their attempt to conceive a civilisation. Chapters of Mahabharat speaks of the social system, rulers' responsibilities, emphasis on caste system, war regulations, role of every caste, freedom and unfreedom of every sect. I reject its justification of inequality. I refer BISHMA PARAV. While lying on his arrows bed, Bishma's Dharma Upadesha i.e., preaching to Yudhishtra, the Pandava, is beautifully, spoken and analysed. They are essence of social justice, the law of ancient times. Minister Vidhura's dialogue with the blind king Dridhurashtra. Hundreds of his condemnation against the ruler- have you ever understood? Search Mahabharat? I left Ramayana; you know why? Whatever, the codes of society drawn in the time of Ramayana, had radically change during Mahabharata. But lot of radical changes observed. Women spoke, struggled, and challenged men. I saw a jurisprudence. Women have started asserting their positions in Mahabharata more. Lower caste was competing to have lawful inclusion and it was accepted in many places. Sathyavathi, a lower caste woman was accepted as the uncrowned elderly queen of Kshatriya Kingdom. When the king wanted to marry her, she bargains with one condition-her unborn son shall be successor to the throne. She, earlier, through Saint Parasara had already delivered a son called Vyasa. She did not marry Parasara. She lived as the elderly queen of the family even after the death of her husband directing the affairs of the state. One queen Ambe refuse to marry the son of Sathyavati, even though she was in captive. She said that she in love with another king. What we denigrate as adulteries were realities or source for creating descendants. Inter-caste marriage was normal. Karna's lower caste is acknowledged as King of Agandesh. Many saints cross the barriers of caste system. They were the ancestors of modern brahmins. Upper caste starts worshipping them. Hundreds of marriages took place, without parent's concessions. Living together were part of this system. Never, you have studied Mahabharata as social renaissance. All brutal behaviours, human violence, corrupt characters, conspiracy for thrones, fight against injustice were also well edited documents in this epic.*

*It is an upper caste conspiracy to stall the radicalisation changes in the society. Ultra-rightist today try to impose the ideas of Ramayana, holy tale of orthodoxy to reverse the radicalised social thinking. It is to develop RETURN OF SLAVISH IDEAS to the subjects of this nation."* Pranav stopped a minute and looked back his audience. His father was beaming with surprise. He himself had not applied his brain on the core contradictions or of inner conflicts of ideas between two epics. He is one who taught his son elaborately the slokhas of two epics.

*English framed the laws i.e., Transfer of Property Act, favouring Dukes and Lords. The legal principles were imported from UK as finished product of the British empire. They were*

modernised with old core character. If you go to the core principles, you will understand, that it had favoured the white men's supremacy. It was framed after the industrial and financial guilds came to rule the economy. After Independence, the white men's vacated seats. They were captured by rich Indians, law continued to favour them. Here all the legal luminaries are here to differ from my view. I do not advocate any new article. Directive Principles are sacredly added as Vedic chants. Convert them as invocable provisions as fundamental rights-under constitution first. Will you all concur with me as worshippers of constitution? Give that right to Indians?"

Hammurabi's Law at Persia written in Cuneiform code. Ten commandments traced in Old Testament. Sharia of Islam not originated from ancient Quran. The imams and maulvis imposed it on the Islamic society. British empire and French laws-imposed laws to their colonies. Hindu laws were compiled during Lord Macaulay period. Law of inheritance, women's fundamental rights to property, land ownerships and sharecroppers share in production, had seen some improvement. Agricultural workers wage rights, fair price to agricultural producers, fair minimum wages, right to employment are still distant dream, remained as monolith of injustice. The tale continues today. Do we have to respect law, that opens gates to loot the poor?

"My question is, any of these law makers perception represented the class of poverty? Whether any law had destroyed the class discriminations and offered equal rights to tillers? Did fundamental rights had re-visited within the frame of other laws? No! In the relevant laws, Absentee landlordism, still blesses someone to have share in the production? Why land relations can continue for a fellow, with filthy richness, sitting for three generations in USA or UK? Those who called themselves as refugees from Kashmir to USA in 1991-still you want to deliver them lands?

Any justification for the present arrogant feudalism? 70% of the land holdings are in the hands of 2% of the Indians. Is there any social justice? Income inequality gets worse in India. Top 1% bag 73% of country's wealth. Have their ancestors, tilled, worked, or sacrificed to own that wealth? Or what way inheritance is justifiable? Even Google chief is changed. Why India the corporate feudalism is allowed?

When government decided to annex the 565 samastans or small monarchies, lands were taken over by the government of India. So, there the government has inherent right to deprive of the private ownership in the interest of the public. Their princes were denied of Rajamanya or receiving government payment during Madam Gandhi Period. Abolition of the Zamindari System clearly indicated that lands are the properties of the state. When it is so, how Private ownership is lawful, symbolising the theory of serfdom. If that is justified and debated? Is it not a shame on democracy, equality, and justice? Are they not shoe shiners of feudal? Read article 39 of the constitution. Read its Noble language, my foot, it is thrown in the drains and washed off-in this fascist state. I am sorry? I am sorry?" The red face and anger have stunned the audience. Slowly, Pranav walked to the next table, took two sips of water, calmed down and came back.

"I apologies for use of some terms. Please let me continue. Before continuing the theme, let explain my idea of this presentation. It is not digging the old grave and exposing the skeleton. It is to protest that those skeletons are preserved. I do not live with an illusion that many of the laws are having an inherent justice in its skins. No, it is misplaced faith. He who feeds himself with illusions, goes to the bed hungry."

"Sir, our purpose is to unearth the social injustice, you may say within the framework of law. It is the laws of minorities: The minority rich class. We are here not chant long live the rusted legal system. We shall fight to change. I believe, my academic freedom gives me to storm my objections in every forum to breach the existing orders.

*What are all the marginal rights gained by peasantry or working class are compromises with a survival spirit of the upper class. Every right to poor is not any gift of compassion or mercy or benevolence. May I state that People's Republic of China or Constitution of Jammu and Kashmir, now abrogated are far more poor people oriented and much more concerned with workers and peasants. Read the laws of Cuba or many Scandinavian countries. Even those humanism are missing in our laws. Judiciary is much worse maulers of the remaining a few good lines in the bare acts. Now, the constitution of J & K (1956) was erased by a stroke. People of J&K is falling off short of human rights in the hands of a fascist centre. My thesis is wrong if your conscious fail to accept my presentation.*

*"I only reflect the images and ideas of time. Here the rulers breached the ethics of law. The repealed urban land ceilings for builders, leased Forest land for Mining lobby, latest state power to declare anybody as terrorist by police-are shameful humiliation of sanctity of judiciary. Courts keep those orders that are burying the democracy in fathom under their foot and deals seriously issues that are relating to some property disputes. Still, we are praising the jade of justice. In fact, text of laws, often disappears under the interpretation of judiciary or on implementation by the state. Are these not defamations? A judge who passes judgement against constitutional provision shall be prosecuted for defaming constitution. Judicial discretions have become order of devil's court. You know in India; the worst law breaker is the government, and they are the first one to disobey the judicial orders. No body is jailed till date.*

*"Sir, countries like China are owning entire land area and lease the same for agriculture and industries. So, the real cultivator enters and shows excellence. Here, in India, one fifth of land area are kept and baron and no cultivation is done. Either property owners are dead, or living owners are wantonly keep the land dead. Excellent technology available in India to make it fertile, but big bellies are dampening them. Secondly, instead of crop sale, land purchase sales themselves have become a big business-Real estate tycoon of India. Don't we feel hurt if some say, say, "Mother, you are for sale?" "Why earth is not our mother?"*

*Those who love my mother land- are you not ashamed when you sell and buy your motherland all these days. And to some foreign buyers too!" Pranav silently stood a few minutes and continued. "Privatisation has become so rampant, now water resources are falling in the hands of Privates. Wind will not be far behind. Law is framed to protect big corporate rights to deprive land, water and fundamental rights were erased, through bare acts. People will be prevented from storing rainwater in drums, soon.*

*If Laws existed to establish an egalitarian society in its true sense, we will not be having the phrases, below poverty line, scheduled tribe, caste or poor. Right to education, right to life and livelihood -phrases were lost because those rights were vanishing in the stream of rotten changes. I did refrain from the micro- discussion because, it will be ten volumes 'Das Legal.'*

*One among the professor got up asked me, "did you read the legends and epics translations?"*

*"Sir, mostly in Sanskrit. I have proficiency in that language from young age. My teacher is seventh row in this hall" his finger is pointing out his father. He nodded his head, "Fine, Fine, really!"*

*"What you are trying to teach, young man, spirituality or communism or law?"*

*Calmly, Pranav responded, "Three in one, sir" The whole hall thundered with laughter.*

*Another one raised, "So, what is your solution, do you mean to say, if the poverty class frames the law, will it change the socio-economic status of the people at lower berth?"*

*"Sir, your question is now- who shall frame the law. My theory speaks, how the fundamentals of laws shall be. We revolutionise the legal system, with few deletions, few additions, and few corrections. Abolish the right to Properties, in Fundamental Rights. Private Assets cannot be transferred to next generation. Personal can be. You want to bring a fundamental change, bring*

*in corporates with one man one vote. Add Directive Principal provisions as Fundamental right. If you want to break the bureaucrats misrule, create transparency and Accountability. Citizens shall have the copy of their decisions at every stage of orders. Government belongs to people, hence there shall be every right for the people to speak. It is there in hundreds of countries. Court does question decisions and initiate action against the erring officials- if wrong. If you want corruption to go, destroy the discretions. In ten years, nation will grow three times. Will government do this?*

*Assured work, minimum assured wages, health care, right to education, right to live for senior citizens-you create a society. Dead capital and Assets building, and transfer will die. Bring a different model of society through legal channel also. Laws are available and some frames are working in one nation or other. An insertion is essential. I do not call for big revolutionary change. If I say so, I am a biggest fool. Once a paradigm shift take place in the legal jurisprudence, the awakened poor benefited will rise every time, to protect it as holy grail”[suddenly there was clap] Professor came to the stage and sharply reacted, “it is an examination, be decent.”*

*‘Let me deal, whether all laws are holy or noble. No. Slavery laws once demanded that slave who ran away from the plantation are to arrest and handed over to the treacherous monster-the owner. Take USA-Horse race is legal betting. Gun holding is legal. Marijuana consumption is legal. Please think in depth. That is also a law. Recent big campaign to make Cannabis trade a national law. Am I wrong If I write, many laws are social evils, including land trade?*

*Share trade- What it is? None of the share money comes for reinvestment in new industries or productive sector. More than 30% of this generated money surplus goes to foreign countries as flight capital. Whose wealth it is? Assume, we stop whole share trade for one month. Do you think economy will collapse? Will It stop the core operation of the economy-the production or distribution? Answer, why money shall create money? Rather, stop that, the investment will flow towards productive industries directly and agricultural sector in an unbelievable speed. Share traders are crazy Cowboys with their revolvers. Let me not deviate. How many SEBI and other medias are making this as national belly? Issue is how many laws are there to euthanised and silenced the real economy? How many laws are to be refurbished and reinducted into the judicial system. Leave not that task to the fascist. When ghost rules, it will enact laws on consumption of human dead bodies.” Pranav stopped? There was a widespread approval from the mesmerised crowd. Professor was burning. He will receive heavy dose from higher ups as hawks are more in the front line.*

*“So, the very law, creating artificial ownership rights, itself is against all social ethics and people. I do not want to go deep into the Theory of Surplus Productivity of labour. But I would like to say, labour or establishment cost in the balance sheet, is now a days 7 to 15% -in labour intensive industries and huge income is syphoned out in some other form. It is a drainage, where generated income flows. That indicates, me is a labour under the Indian made, Fugitive Slavery Act, during British times. I would like to speak less. Is that not informal sector in India, with huge migrants in beggars wage? No justification is needed by excessive arguments.*

*Whole language of law in this country is framed for the political and economic comfort of the rich. The industrial houses and big business bodies do build, operate, and terminate laws for their own interest. I would like to restrain myself with one sentence. “Rich frame the law and they rule the law, in whichever form they need to. Destroy them if unfeasible.” Example, Urban Land Ceiling Act, Monopoly and restrictive trade Practice act, Essential commodities act. They are literally dead.*

*“Sir, I may go the court tomorrow with my ingredients unchanged. The bias, misconceptions, hidden injustice do prevail over the genuine human rights of men. This law will be punctured, fractured, and paralysed by the ruling rich class. Yet, I go with unbreakable determination to*

continue an unending fight to establish justice above the law and law above the hold of the rich class. Please permit me to submit my thesis for your appraisal and valuation”.

“Do you have a positive solution to make the law judicial?”

Yes sir, first reframe the laws that are historically crushing the fundamental rights of the poor. Law will gain its sanctity and nobility. Secondly, where a judge does interpret the law, to decimate its true value, subject them to the same punishment which he imposed on his victims. Do it, judiciary will become majestic.”

The whole hall got up and ovation lasted. Professors felt that their counter argument is being rejected by the students. He saw the other valuator are clapping involuntarily. The Valuator got up.

“Pranav Upanishad, in the field of research all these days, others were justifying the magnificence and framework of law including some, that are exclusive right to rich to enjoy! Sorry, sorry, People to enjoy!” The whole hall was laughing uncontrolled way.

“This scholar broke the myth in his own style of research with a deep Knowledge on these issues. I am really amazed by his depth. Well done my boy.” My professor in corporate law. “The panel, hereby consider him an excellent researcher and we are pleased to award him the ‘Doctorate in Law.’

Shaking hands with all around, Pranav moved among the crowd. His father came down and hugged him. Everyone saw tears flowing from his eyes. Congratulations poured in. In front of the whole crowd, he proudly touched the limbs of his parents.

“Congrats! Dr. Pranav Upanishad?” Pranav turned-

“Hai! Sheona!” reacted Pranav with overwhelming surprise. “How come you are here; I didn’t notice you!”

“I came to cheer up my friend’s defence in VIVA. Had you seen me, perhaps you might have forgotten half of your presentation.” Pranav’s parents were laughing.

“Fantastic Pranav, really it is not defence. An offensive argument which you do in court. I was standing beside the podium facing the crowd. That Professor who questioned you, had labour pain, when you are substantiating. We were cursing the justice. Today I understood that the very frame of law itself is disease ridden.”

“You were here from the beginning, Your office?”

“Office, let it die or be alive. I cannot lose this memorable time, Vow! You are superb.”

With a high spirit she mimicked, “When my darling turns, Edmund Burke, I shall sit on the first row in the House of Lords.”

“What happened to you Madame? Will you speak all these romantic phrases before your future Parents in law?”

“Why not, Pranav but I have not seen them?”

“Then meet them. Ma, this is Sheona” Pranav stammered what to say more.

“Complete it, counsel sir, Ma, I am Sheena, Pranav’s great admirer, girlfriend, can we add some more phrases, Pranav?”

The couple were laughing. Mother really felt happy to see Sheona. She hugged her and expressed her inner emotions. Her wishes nearing -fulfilment. Perhaps she was praying for.

**History unfolds many miscalculations.  
Still human beings never tired of committing  
Innumerable blunders in their times.**

## CHAPTER SEMINAR ON FASCISM

05

National Progressive Youth Movement Seminar at Hyderabad had a vibrant response. The slogans were raised from every corner. It was a radical mass.

*"We live for democracy, or we die for democracy".  
"Hinduism is a sacred dharma that preaches love,  
Hindutva political traders preaches hatred.  
Traitors of divine dharma down down"  
"Nation now one-We will not allow you to divide."  
"Ultra-rights, we are ready for a fight."  
"If PM is demi-god-are his MPs dummies dudes?"  
"How many killings, how many threats  
Devil fascism-down under earth  
Don't Mummify democracy of India.?"  
Hitlerism will not be tolerated-we will revolt.  
For Equal rights and equal life- we will fight.*

The huge crowd is full of tension as more and more youth forces both men and women started flowing in. Two battalions of police security were finding that the crowd is beyond control. Hyderabad is a going to a wonderful with a thousand of youths marching for restoration of democracy. Or it is going a battlefield between the right wing and conferenciers. Presence of right-wing groups were seen everywhere. The mass was ready for the bloodshed.

Pranav Upanishad and Viswas entered the venue. Viswas had a closed-door discussion with a vibrant section of eighty or hundred youths. One guy approached Pranav with a smile,  
*"Hi, Pranav, what! Bravo man. You are boldly confronting the national mafia leader, at his jungle. Lakhs do piss, from the very sight of that man, Bravo! But offence is the best way of defence, Pranav, Ask Viswas. Join our movement."*

*"Ragav great Reddy, no, I travel in train and you in Xylo SUV, both do reach Bangalore, in our own mode, right. We choose our own road map. Better take Viswas with you with all travel speed, daringness, and risk. I am planning to get married."* Viswas who was standing with them started laughing.

*"Good morning, I am Subeen Wasim. Secretary of National Progressive Youth Movement. My speech will be completed in One or two sentences".*

She with a roar inaugurated, *"Democracy is in Peril, Rise, Revolt young men- courageously save it existence or embrace death. Our fight with imperialism is easy. Identity is clear. But fascists among us are using our own people, our own religion, and our own culture as their tools. Fight for the freedom once again. History will write your name in blood letters."* With a rising ovation and all stood up. *"Revolution, Revolution, Zindabad".*

After two minutes she commenced, *"We commences the first session. I invite DR.G.K.Rao, President of National Progressive Youth Movement. His name itself is a youthful vibration of struggle against every atrocity around the nation. So, your president, keeps the age defying formula, live every minute for someone in distress. Mr. Rao, please come to the stage."*



*Now, I invite the Secretary General of NPYM Com. Kumaresh to the stage. Most wanted or hunted student leader. He was defeated by pre-pollled EVMs back up data. Defeat hardens him more. Please come”*

*“I now invite, Sivaraju, Member of Parliament to the stage. He is a political judge to hear both sides i.e., the Indian parliament and people in the street. I had never seen him traveling by private car till date. We are happy that with all temptations of crores of money, living among glorious corrupt society at Delhi, he still decided to stay with the rags as their voices. “Yield not to temptations” Seems to be the ring tone of his brain. Please sir.”*

*“We welcome Prof. Vinod Chand, the think tank of left ideology, to the presidium. An intellectual voice boldly heard every corner of India. Latest broad casting minister’s direction is, no TV shall show his face. But his speeches are in videos hit by seven lakhs to eight lakhs Indians. We are anxious to hear him. More anxiously so many spies from intelligence department are anxiously waiting. May be a good number of right wings visitors. Here my comrades are more in number and with burning anger. Still, I declare a Universal peace with enemies of our ideology here. I welcome them also.*

*“Mr. Sameer, well known editor of Times Line.”*

*“Two years back he faced an undeclared emergency from the ruling party. Times Line was sealed for months. When it was launched, its ardent readers funded the projects and readership doubled. I quote line about the Phoenix bird, “sometimes you have to die inside, in order to be reborn and rise, in order to create a stronger and wiser version of you”. Here is the wiser version, please come sir.” Big clap welcomed him.*

*“Mr. Pranav Upanishad, here is a famous young lawyer. Enemy of all time notorious national leaders -from Roydurg. A lawyer different from others. The moment he talks up, any criminal case, the FIR is modified to include the lawyer as co-accused. So, every time he has got to move two bail applications. One for the client and one for himself. That is the speciality of our lawyer, who is always in anticipatory bail.”*

The whole crowd was laughing with a roar for every introduction.

*“Now president.”*

President G.K. Rao came to the podium and looked around. The whole hall was full, and speakers’ horns were kept on the lawns. Thousands were sitting in the lawn and other side of the walls to hear his speech. His format is known to everybody:

He started his favourite Sanskrit quote.

*Om Saha Naav[au]-Avatu/*

*Saha Nau Bhunaktu/*

*Saha Viiryam Karavaavahai /*

*Tejasvi Naav[au]-Adhiitan-Astu Maa Vidvissaavahai /*

*Om Shaantih Shaantih Shaantih /*

**Many** used to wonder, what I say as prayer in every meet. Let me give the literary translation. We are not leaders or cadres here. We, together read the political conditions and understand with the brilliance and knowledge. We join to determine the future of the nation. There shall be eternal peace and bondage between us to march forward. Hear me, whatever the noble thoughts we receive from Hinduism we shall speak. Some of the communists are of the egoist loyalty to Marxism. They refuse accept or merge the thoughts of Marx and spiritualism, for the fear of being lost in the flood of religious ideas over communism. I am the one who believe, the ideology of communism will win in the mind and heart of the masses, who believe in the nobility of the script of religion. It need not be with Marxist Leninist stamp. Mao did not breed the ideology among

people using Marx name and did not believe Lenin's idea that it is working class, that will lead the revolution. Comrade Ho Chi Ming did not conduct his revolutionary fight in Vietnam, with US army for 14 years, with the lead of working class. Cuban revolution leads by Fidel Castro in 1953 against military dictator Batista was not at all a communist led revolution. We need not lose our sight on the issue of lead. Because the blue collars are in the wane to lead the movements. Naturally, re-strategizing is historical necessity. We shall be capable of walking on the road untravelled. We shall not slow down our momentum on reaching our destination. We require a frame; we require an intense study. We shall read the mind of the millions and sail with them. We shall be capable of changing the direction of the masses. It is the strength of our ideology. I now tell the actual meaning of my famous sloka:

*It is a dialogue between the teachers and students in Upanishad:*

*"Om, together may we two Move -in our Studies.*

*Together may we two Relish -our in our learnings*

*Together may we perform -our Studies- with Vigour*

*May what have been Studied by us be filled with the Brilliance and Knowledge.*

*Om Peace, Peace, Peace- May it give us peace and harmony among us."*

*This the essence of comradeship. I told the meaning today, because I may not get even this opportunity as next amendments in the Parliament, at any time, even in mid-night will be passed by those mute 543 parliamentarians."*

There was a roaring voice of comrades, who got up and shouted. "We will unite, we will fight." After two minutes he started.

*"Prof. Sabeena Begam, you covered the climax episodes of speakers and captured a wave admirer among the masses here. Movie trailers are excellent. Now, it is easy for us to present inaugural address."*

*"I am here to listen to the speeches and not to speak. All Presidents are supposed to be dumb creature. Here not, there!" His finger was showing Delhi. Crowd was roaring with laughter.*

*"But my friends told me, Rao, you better speak before any ordinance is passed to zip your lips. So, I speak a little longer before Free speech Zip is stitched." He looked around to see the ocean. "The warning bell, you ring today, may vibrate around the nation. May disturb the 'One Man' government forever. Our voice be heard beyond the volumes of visual media. We must have street corner meetings in thousands to reach the people. DD has become Dictator Darshan of India. Other corporate TVs are dining with government ads. Those strong critics in the Media have changed to Wildlife Channel. That is to tell the people here is a Jungle raj which is brutal than the wild animals."*

*"Largest Indian Festival-General Election 2019 is over now. Winners and vanquished have gone to their home, with broken money vault, with broken heart and many with broken faith on democracy. Some had broken the ethics and machines has broken the true vote shares. But all were playing their conspirators role to finish the Left parties everywhere. That is their lifelong term dream as feudal and as bourgeoisie."*

*"This election is between three power centres. Two parties represent, divided largest feudal corporate lobbies. One representing ultra-nationalists' ideology and semi-fascist. The other one with its secular and democratic mask- backed by its old corporate allies. Republican and Democratic party of India. Both made a huge propaganda, mega public dramas with their billion dollars show and strategies. Where from the money came, we know? Where the money gone, we do not know. 543 constituencies Rs.96000 crores expenditure. Third group, Feudal political parties, having their base within their respective states. They too gave a tough fight. Their houses were raided by Income Tax enforcement directorate. Some feudal leaders had lost Rs.6,000 to*

7,000 crores during demonetisation. Still their new notes warehouse storages were sufficient to run their campaign. I welcome the crooked idea of using the Income tax to raid the politicians. Let it be a political weapon, but the hidden money of one section comes out. But it reaches another party coffer-is a wretchedness of the game?

People voted for what mob said and not what their mind said. Endless Promises, herd psychology, Mass euphoria, barbaric ferocious warlord battle cries, sacrifice of our armed forces, politically encashed, midnight attack on empty enemy territory, pompous shows with lakhs of paid crowds, media maniacs misleading people's perceptions- have won. Biggest democracy, people committed hara-kiri.

India's Nationalist party manipulated the election results. Democratic Congress deliberately divided the vote bases of growing regional parties. Old elephant, without teeth, had stampeded the regional parties' fertile grounds. This enabled their arch-rival, the ultra-rightist to gain more seats. The result is the Democratic Congress party had dripped. It also pulled both regional and left parties to the marsh. Corporatism has won the game of throne. Democratic congress is the prime culprit. Now, One-man rule refurbished. This myth, infallibility of a ruler is exploded. It is another superstition imported from USA.

My pain is, our comrades, who worked for the emancipation of workers and landless peasants were ignored and agonized. We worked for eight to nine decades to deliver our people from the evils. The section of workers in every industry and financial sectors, have become traitors and ditchers. My words may carry a wrong message. But pains and truth cannot be hidden deep in our heart. Shame on them and their political in differentia - character. They turned to be comfort zone cowboys -mindless middle class. For four decades we built the movement, we bore the lattes, we shed blood, many of our fighters have lost their life. We were jailed and our leaders are still in old hamlets. While so, those whom we protected from job loss, improved the wages and working conditions have ditched and sexed with right wing groups. It is a deep slit in my heart. Who implanted the ultra-right candidates in their heart, who are actually their class enemies? They failed to hear, St. Mathews biblical quotations, "And lead us not to temptations, but deliver us from evil." What is paining is we had moles and trolls among us with a cover of middle class, with evil temptations.

I do not want to be silent sufferer, controlling my BP and smiling at those turn coats, time servers. Unfortunately, many had tracked back with their ancestral scents of slavery and obedience.

Noe-Nazis do rule the nation. You can hear their drum beat and devil dance with their favorite songs sliced from 'Alice in wonderland, "I will be the judge, I will be the jury," said the cunning old fox, 'I will try the whole cause and Condemn you to all death"

My friend wrote in an article called 'Political Obituary of leftism.' When People walk away from you, let them go. Your destiny is never tied to one who leaves you. It does not mean they are bad people. May be their backbones eaten by worms in the time zones. May be, it just means that their part in your story is over! Man, who applied his brain to write elegy to leftist movement has selective amnesia. 1917 when the Russian revolution shook the world. Britain wanted to create an illusion that Indians rule India. But British were clear - No communists. Reason was Communist internationalism spoke of liberation of colonies. Often, they were shouting in some land of the globe, 'through away imperialists-free colonies.' Britain was fleecing their colonies including India.

In 1925 trade Union acts were passed as British communist were organizing their workers for a class struggle. India, industrial unrest was in peak. When Congress and Muslim leagues were passing resolution that they shall also be a part of British rule and share in their right to rule, it

was Communists, who were within the Congress and banned, underground communist in India demanded Liberation, and cried end with Imperialism. Some of present leaders and people do suffer selective amnesia. They forgot the history of Pre-Independence, especially the betrayal of those Mahasabha groups, whose grand sons' trumpets now about the Nationalism and Patriotism. They were intimate with the Fifth Varna, the white men. 543, Princely states, under British rules were collaborators with the British. We even to-day sadly see that they are called royal family instead of being given the title of Slave dynasty. Indian leftist was not popular with large number, but brave warriors of liberation movement. History has no place to those names in their books. S.V.Ghate, M.N. Roy, Muzaffar Ahmed, Nalini Gupta, Shaukat Usmani, Singaravelu Chettiar, Ghulam Hussain and Shripad Amrit Dange, R.C. Sharma A.K.Gopalan, Sundarayya, Rajeswari Rao, EMS Nambudripad, B.T.Randev, Promod Das Gupta, Balan. I am not continuing the list as the chain is longer in miles. Many had two locations to live- Jail or underground. Congress had to take historic decisions by the pressure of congress socialist inside. They had to choose the path of socialism, because of the influence of the communist ideology. AITUC was a trade Union wings of Congress, with leftist leaders at the helm. I accuse that Congress leaders had erased their own true history from the memories of Indians. Why I am talking. Please read them. They are the real heroes our national epics and not the big belly, big, bottomed Maharajas. If we can have chapter as National shames 543 Samastans and their Maharaj's with large crowns, long Mush, and stiletto.

Finally, political liberation dawned. The liberated India was financially abandoned and betrayed by the British and other western nations ignored them when they were approached to industrialization India. Indigenous private Industrialists shamelessly failed to help the industrialization of the nation. Enough wealth was with the Maharajas, they never came forward. Communist Russia, then USSR came as friend in need. The largest industrial corridor appeared with heavy industry in India, with a relentless financial, technical, and material support of Russia. The Cryogenic engines used for rocket technology by ISRO was the best contribution of the USSR. Bakra Nangal Dam and Bhilai Steel Plant and so many public sectors in a massive scale took birth. During the second five-year plan, industrial sector did give a change in basic assumptions in the Indian history. Those industries were temples of the nation, slowly made anemic by the recent governments, acting as agents of the private sectors. Finally, one by one, they were sold by them to Privates. More than 123 Public sector was worth of several lakhs crores were sold at scrap rates. Brokers took huge money.

Comrades, Communism is not dead; a billion did live drinking its milk and a few million its blood. Forget, to damage its influence and image, USA governments and corporates engage even often paid intellectuals in lakhs. Their shabby articles were released in hundreds. USA corporates are still afraid of communism. India is also advancing under the grip comprador capitalism. So, all the foul-smelling articles are paid high and given wide space in News channels. Sorry, I am running out of time. Before I cry, "Two more minutes, two more minutes, speaker sab." I will cut short. Sorry, memories of parliament house often disturb my public debates." He stopped a minute and looked around. Audience thought waves are moving along with him.

"Time has come to introspect. Many terms of social virtues and ethos have undergone changes. Indian left does suffer from lot of conservatism, without reinventing themselves to the new model society and changing human psychology. The extreme poverty and dilapidation of region or exploitation still an ideal condition, where communist is trained to manage. What we call scarcity state or class exploitation of the poor. I agree there is a shadow, in the regions of total poverty and rural sufferings. We find the rising middle-class conditions had grown up due to the political

struggles of communist movement in India. They never remained loyal to that ideology, while standing under the same red banner, they vote safoons. The industrial revolution needed the communist to lead. The information revolution and social transformation corrupted moral values of the work force. So, a massive betraying middle class, turning towards right wings illusionary world of glory, leaving behind the marginalized, who are yet to see the sunshine. Diversion of national vision from the growth, jobs, revival economy changed the terrain by mere campaign to psychic state of nationalism. Don-quixotic brave war with windmills have turned to be attractive heroism. Ultra-right masks of Batmen, spidermen shows became more attractive. This makes us to intervene.

My intervention is yet to be passed with clarity to our communist comrades. We will implement our programmes. Not necessarily with our face covered with Marx and Engel. We shall transform theme as a part of our religious thesis of Indian condition and ideas. It shall be injected in the brain of Indians adding our cultural ethos and ideals. Cultural Class war can be created. It is there in the brain particles of Indians. We must ignite it. A Sufi saint is also our face, Basavanna is also our face, Narayana Guru is also our face, Sanakarcharya is also that face. Bhagat Singh, EMS, BTR, Jyothi Basu, Basava Punnaiah or Sundrayya, Rajeswari Rao, Bharathan, Charu Majumdar, Ram Manohar Lohia, Jaya Prakash Nariain or Subash Chandra Bose also are our face. We leave no body with the ideals of socialist vision. Bring them back to Indian social media. Give them a new wave of idealism. They are relevant. Old freedom fighters are our fresh faces of campaign. Their class conflict and clash with capitalism, imperialism, and fascism. We neglect the tainted Barathiya Congress, because their acts are often dividing the opposition votes and thus, they fall and they other oppositions also in the open borewell. We have our deep commitment to Mahatma or Jawaharlal, and we will step up with Ambedkar.

Think of these true renouncer's words that will carry more sympathy and appeal to the world. We can borrow their vision and struggles. If we quote Vivekananda and Adhi Shankara twenty times in the public debates. Rights will abandon them. If we quote from Baghavat Gita or Upanishads ten times, Right will consider that as unholy book. When you can create a social democrats and Christian left to counter the US, as well and South American rightists along the whole of Brazil, Venezuela, Chili or Equator, Bolivia, or Argentina, with the backing of Cuba, why not India? Think! Let our brain be not blocked. We cannot do angio-blast or brain surgery for a radical thought process. It only needs a revolutionized thought process. We are not short of real solution to the real conditions. We are not near them. We now fear every chaos and system failure will be converted as the fast food by these fascist elements. We shall distance them from true faiths. We will win.

What is to be done? We bring in all socialists and communists to one platform. Hold one more world meet at Chicago on MAY 1st 2021. American communist and Socialist groups in Democratic party are powerful wings to be united. Let world religion meet to send message that no religious enmity shall be Preached by any religious heads.

Ultra-Nationalist has reached absolute majority. Not only in India, in many countries. The India's Nationalist Party will now apply all fascist strategy to retain its power for longer time. There is divine mask on the face brutal dictators. Tear them off.

"Stop attacking the PM" "Anti-nationals" "Stop" "How dare you talk about the PM?"-

suddenly a few hundred ruffians advanced from the back. Something miracle. A huge section of the Youth, among the crowd got up. Like battalion the started marching towards the Howlers. Suddenly they held iron rods high and stood on the front line. The whole crowd was really shocked and surprised by the army of the militants.

Sabeena Begum came to the mike and calmly addressed. *"Uninvited and Invited to this seminar, you please debate by coming to the stage, when we call for debate. We do not want any kind of clash or bloodshed. Kindly, all of you go back to the seat. Please."*

G.K. Rao calmly reacted.

*"Please, be seated. Welcome, Neo-Nazi men. Lead by Somaz Parwar, ex-MLA of Virad. Your men shouted untimely; I am yet to speak about PM of India. There is a confusion for them between Chancellor Hitler of Germany and Prime Minister of India. Or you had made an erroneous signal. More than that they are losing patients as their Payment hours are exceeding. Somaz silence them or pay them."*

*"Shouting Aryan Crusaders, two options left you"*

*"Go to your seat-listen and if you have anything to say, we permit one of you come to the stage to voice your views. If not, please go out."*

*"Think, what you prefer?"*

*"I appeal all the visitors not to be perturbed. Be seated. We have faced these elements, hundred times. In fact, these guys seem to be on pay roll, that is why, they acted impatiently to collect their payments, before climax. Please, all policemen, I request, give two minutes time to them. You do not make another mess."*

*"You cannot talk about our great prime minister" again one shouted.*

*"Calm down, the whole day lot of speakers are going to discuss more on the PM, Party and ideological problem and future of India. You have not trained to hear the voice of the people. You are the clap brigade of head strong. Go to saffron meets. Open your brains to hear the thoughts of others-be Indian. Not Fascist Italian or Nazi German or Netanyahu of Israel, whose doom you witnessed."*

*"If you are committed to your rightist ideology, you can hear our perception. If you are paid for arson, rowdiness, and to disturb the assembly. You have chosen a wrong venue. Your purpose is over. Go and collect your full payment. 27 of you, standing, please vacate, unharmed, please. One thousand comrades are waiting outside in the sun. Please allow them to get some seat. Get Out."*

*"All those politics are not your issues. Cash is your politics. I know your election song. "We throw stones, we get money, we burn huts, we get money. We block traffic- we get money. We knock guys, we get money. We disturb the meetings, and we get money; we stab some ones, we get money. We run the lorries on enemies, we get money. Every action is with different rates-get us money" Is that your song. You are in a wrong place, great men of Aryan crusade? If you do take one step forward, your bones will be broken. Be careful. Nearly two hundred have come from the INP. Twenty-seven of you are from Aryan Crusade, paid mercenaries. We prefer no violence. How about you?"*

*"Please go with the policemen and hear their advice. We are leftists, we face army, we face police, we face goons, we face every reactionary force, mercenary forces, with or without weapons too. Go, you are in a wrong boxing ring. Get out or else every one of you must return home, losing your facial identity."*

Entire lot of two hundred groups, vacated the meeting, shouting, and kicking the chairs. Once they are out, Police rounded them and took them in the van. Press photographers had a hell of time to take video and have interview with them. Impatiently, one among them shouted at others, some yelled, we should have torn the shirts of a few or threw stones or broken few chairs and smashed some faces. The other one shut his mouth.

*"Receive your payment, Go, and see your face in the newspaper and TV. They will add lot of juicy tales about us. Nearly 200 INP guys who are supposed to fight with us are silently sitting."*

*They did not open their mouth or stood up. See them walking away separately from us. They are INP members. If police book you all under criminal charges of violence and causing injury, you must run between home and court ten times. One to two months jail- who will pay your wages? If they had broken our bones, who will visit us in hospital to pay the bill. Let us now collect the money."*

*Another one shouted, "Did you find one Nationalist party fellow, whenever we are arrested or jailed? Shit politics, man, all shit! Understand. Without FIR, now to let us escape I talked to one head constable. He asked Rs.10,000-00 for meeting our day bill. Now- arrange it. Otherwise, roll call will be costly." Another guy confided, "If that President directed that crowd to smash us, they would have broken our ribs with their iron rod. Our home would have received a bag of human meat. For these five thousand to six thousand rupees, I cannot have lifelong deformities with broken arms or legs." Police van passed across the city and reached a village situated in 49 kilo meters.*

*SI who was observing the conversation hissing asked "How much each?"*

*"Rs.5000-00 sir, why?"*

*"Rs.10000-00 into 300, you MLA has billed to his boss i.e., 3000000-00. Number 270 into 5000 equals Rs.13,50,000-00. So, one stroke, 16,50,000-00 is his business income.*

*"Is it true, sir?"*

*The group leader ex-MLA gave Rs.20,000 to the head constable. Police took them to a nearby hotel and gave them full stomach. All of them signed a letter of release and empty van moved back to Hyderabad. Next bus to Hyderabad was 6.00.p.m. One car came in fifteen Minutes and the Ex-MLA Somaz Pawar, entered, and returned to city.*

Seminar was progressing and the second speaker was Prof. Vinod Chand.

*"Friends and comrades,*

*Symbolically, you saw the brown shirt assault team inaugural programme today. This is one of the Nazi tactics- it will be now regular. Democracy is in conversion, just like religious conversion. You can feel the heat and symptoms. Six regional seminars are denied of permissions. We may face a ban turning us as terrorist movement soon. Law is passed that state can declare anyone terrorist, without a blade, a bomb, a gun, tough and throat are enough. I will be listed in wanted terrorist even though I am in public platform. Reason is my brain thinks, my mouth speaks and my pen writes: Triple terrorism.*

*Our voice was heard feebly during the election campaign. Main opposition was given space to answer the issues raised by India's Nationalist Party. INP spoke some nonsense. More nonsense was spoken by their main opposition. Corporates decided who shall be given prominence, Media obeyed. Others were silenced. It took lot of time, to understand that the oppositions were answering non-issues, empty rhetoric of the PM, issues relating to puranas and Vedas, some historic blunders, some temporary border conflicts, or stories, about their wives and children, all bloody TV episodes were as election issue. People, frenzy audience finally found the drama ended. Election over all wolfs were happy.*

*Brain of the People were not recalibrated to understand that they are fooled by the ruling party. Reals issues, the miseries of the people, suicides of the peasants, lynching of minorities, raping of innocent girls, death of children in hospital, without timely medical cares, waterless villages, grain less plants, brainless CMs and their endless failures-were not debated. Core issues of social*

*injustice, mal-administration, Joblessness, refusal of agricultural minimum pricings, huge frauds in banking, huge black money in the second-round circulation- nothing were in agenda. Government is asking, are the leftist fools? Often talking on depressive terms and tragic condition of people. People are getting upset. People shall be made happy and dramatically frenzied by mock wars, killing a few, rape scenes, promises of big money to your account, lies, lies. They told that voters must float in dreams.*

*"Papers came to India, via, Wicky leak, Paradise papers, and French magazines and Swiss Journals. All fraudulent list who cheated the nation were sealed and kept in Supreme court. Our most honest Finance Minister says that foreign banks are refusing to give the details of accounts- we must believe him. It is estimated more than 24 million crores rupees. We do not understand how 1.5 million crores of bank loans have become loss assets, when the bankers slept and woke up? How to recover, we are worried? Finance minister with a smile reduced my FD interest created surplus income and meets the loss. They are going to make senior citizens to take aluminium bowl and beg in the road. He was so crude to bring a law to adjust my deposit amount to bad debts.*

*My buying power-it is decimated. Banks have looted from freezing deposit interest. Fifty to sixty thousand crores in terms of money. Three crores of seniors or 30 crores of depositors, you robbed their income, to sell 30 lakhs of vehicles and 2 to 3 lakhs of apartment for real estate. You want is to believe or be fools. It was a fake reason. You stuffed the lose incurred by banks in the NPA. Good money to bad guys you officially transferred. Is it not a national financial terrorism? Will he declare that those who stole our money and buried in foreign nations as financial terrorist under terrorist law. Or declare as Criminal under IPC. That criminal list is with Supreme court. Will they open them, When?*

*By calling this as state secret, all 125 crores citizens are disfranchised in India. You and me also. We are not nationals. We shall not know who cheated this country. Those who are know of this criminal list are national cheaters. They hide facts. They get protection from supreme court!*

*"I now take you to politics of the state. I do not travel far off or long for long time about the back tales: Second world wars."*

*"Nations were destroyed, human relationships were poisoned in the name religion. In Iran, In Lebanon, in Iraq, in Saudi, in Afghanistan and in Pakistan. Peaceful Buddhists were proved to be most cruel men in Myanmar and Sri Lanka. After experiencing the tortures and insurmountable havoc in many countries, lakhs of Jews reached Israel. Their own holy land. But the pain is, Israelis Jews, with their nationalist ideology Zionism, turned to be worst fascist against the Palestine's. Zionism is Jewish fascism now destructing the life of Palestinians. In the guise of defenders of Islam, in Arab nations, all barbaric acts were committed, resulted in killing thousands of their own people. While Arabs on the land were warring, oil mineral under the ground, several rare minerals on the surface are being mined rather looted by huge American corporates. Arab Sheikhs are collaborators. Blood still drenches the sands of desert. Why I discuss is- this is capitalism. It will loot its own people and accumulate wealth.*

*What about India?*

*We are nowhere. Our identity is systematically erased. Our children are nowhere conscious about the people around in their mind. Next generation will realise the pain. We may be called dooms day astrologers. American journalist called that socialist are mentally sick. Not an issue. We will go among the masses and talk to them, that the nation is nearing its collapse. Corporates loots*



*and people are fleeced. This is the second era of emerge of fascism on the social front. We are radicals, to change the earth. We have no tears. We hold the banner and give call to the people.*

*You take an oath today.*

*I am proud that I am a freeman with my political ideology. I infuse the thoughts of Vedas and Upanishads. I infuse the thoughts of Marx or Mao's. Never, the Vedas distinctly spoke about hating people with different faiths. 'Truth is one, the wise speak of its different ways.' "Let knowledge come from every direction." Hundred saints spoke of the wisdom of various cults, religion, and faiths. The purity of man is not in Possession. It is abandonment of possession.*

*I am sure that none can destroy the essence or nobility of Hinduism, unless these anti-dharma group pour the poison around the roots. So, if any cry is that Hinduism is being destroyed. It is the insiders' role to create mental phobia. It is insiders who are leeches in saffron shades.*

*Aryan Nationalist Crusaders do believe that another avatar will take place? They are not rejoicing. They are deadly afraid. They know that they are the evil forces, who will be destroyed. They are waiting with fear as they are the modern Kamsa's Dwarka and Ravana's Sri Lanka? But why we shall wait for Him to take noble birth?*

*We can take His role, without waiting for Gods to come and destroy the evils. The sinners-Aryan Nationalist Crusaders and India's Nationalist Party. In Old Testament there was a reference about the birth of Anti-Christ. It says, Anti-Christ, the devil will look like Christ, speak more gently and softly, and try to mislead the people. Are we not finding them in Devils in the Parliament house? Devils are now ruling the nation, in make up as holy spirits.*

*I have my political premonitions. Not far off. We may be prevented from penning our thoughts. Even if we do, people will be restrained from reading the same. You may be louder in our voice; the listeners will be deafened from hearing. Many of my intellectual campaneros were silenced bullets of the extremists. When they will visit me, I do know. Comrades, we are Agni Putras, born to the fire. In us, the flame ignited will never die till we are immortalised by another fire.*

***'From ashes we will rise back hundred times  
with more courage and strength.  
Phoenix bird we are! -lal salam-Jai Hind***

oo

## CHAPTER 06

### BE A PATRIOT- BEWARE OF DUPLICATES

**Times line weekly** called Vinod chand. After one hour once again a call from Mr. Sameer, editor of Times Line.

*"Vino, am I disturbing you?"*

*"So, till this second, No!"*

There was a mild laugh. "O.K, Will you be able to give a write up of your seminar speech in JNU. There is a barrage of criticism and public debate on this. Will you give us the material after editing?"

"No, a problem, a written affidavit. You want to see me walking with torn shirt and oozing blood in the street for speaking about the demi-god PM of India."

"Vinod, you often quote Shakespeare's Richard III

***'My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every brings in a several tales,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain'***

"What a cynical pleasure man, to remind that quote in a wrong hour?"

One minute he was silent.

"What is your latest work?" Sameer asked.

"Right now, I am compiling?" He was silent for a second searching for a paper.

"See, Headline- ICEBERGS OF LIES."

"Fine-the body?"

After a few seconds, continued "Masses will only memorise, simple messages, if repeated for a thousand times! A Nazi quote, am I correct? That will be the central theme, right? Tell me, how much, have I reworded my JNU lecture?"

"Sorry, what you mean by Icebergs of lies?" Sameer repeated.

***Here, the glaciers of promises will sparkle and float like icebergs amidst the ocean of people. That will mesmerise and blind their brains. People will be rejoiced by the illusion of heaven's fall. Slowly, that iceberg will melt and melt. People will find the same sink under the sea, a day. Lies and promises of these leaders these floating, glittery icebergs will vanish. They will be realised that were let down. But, having lived with the illusions for one decade, People will wait for the next election to see another iceberg. This political opium, marijuana at last turns to be an addiction the people of this nation. The paranoid tale will be perennial. People will be opiated, and no pains will be felt even if they bleed".***

"Really to tell, it is like our blind infatuations with heroine in Movies. We enjoy, do love, have sex and all pleasures as the projector runs. People, even unroused old try to be amorous and fall in deception of love. We regret the movie is over. We come out not remembering anything that had gone for two hours. Escapism in life. Escapism has come in politics too."

"My god, you are painfully sarcastic and satirical. This is real-fantastic thought". Sameer stopped.

"Vinod, I know, why you are making a tearful attempt to laugh. Emotionally you have broken down. Let us be clear, we live for our ideals, our people. Our great struggles are defeated not today. In hundred countries in some part of the earth, this tremor is going on. Our Voices are

*not going to be shut. Let us live with that unending zeal. Otherwise, we will collapse as old fort. Millions are still in the fabric of our mission. Our task will end when our soul departs."*

*"Sameer, Ignorant leaders called communism a failed ideology. Where from? Sitting on the thrones of democratic nation. National liberation and self-determination are an ideology born in the womb of communism. Chains of colonialism broke, and many countries threw the colonial masters out. Several hundred nations were liberated after the Russian October revolution of 1917. India was one among them. They are now fooling to forge history. They try to erase a part. If fascist oppression is the way of running a state, revolt will be the answer of the people. All these years communist was crying to revolt against the meek democracy. People never were enthused to conduct war against the state. But now the state is moving towards mass oppression. People will consolidate. Forest fire needs on spark.*

*"Sameer, why not you yourself publish that speech?"*

*"No, no, when it comes from Kamandal, then only, it is called holy water. But let me speak about India's blind reflections on recent surgical strike on Pakistan interiors. I am not willing to repeat it as a great chronicle of history more loyally, because the sultans at Delhi will be displeased. They are tired of giving this anti-national award. Whenever they reward, I get one lakh readership more. To me, the whole episode is well timed, state manufactured tale."*

*See, the idea of making one party, one nation by the India's Nationalist Party is having multiples of conspiracies. India's Nationalist Party is already on the campaign wheel silently. Now they are taking census and going home to canvass the voters to become the member of the party. In some areas pressure tactics are played. Forget it, Rs.20 per membership is paid to the enroller. Duty is to get name and Mobile number. One the other day, Amazon delivery boy sold his ref. list for Rs.4000-00. He has downloaded all his delivery record list. Next day surprisingly 200 Amazon clients got a SMS welcoming them to party. City unit vice-president of National party also got new membership by SMS."*

*"Vinod, you heard the new slogan emerging everywhere in south: SOUTH COLLAPSES?"*

*"Yes Sameer, it is a grave national problem. It may blast into a huge political conflict. It was somewhere in 1960s the Dravidian parties captured the power with the same slogan. South is razed and North is shining. Slogan is forgotten, but the realities are flashing."*

*The tax revenue from South exceeds Rs.14,000 to 15,000 per capita. Rs.7,000 to Rs.9,000 is the per capita Expenses from the centre. Slowly, there is a virtual transfer of the generated revenue from the labour of south to North. Huge corporate income and trade income are shifting to North, even though it is generated in the South. Huge interest and service incomes from banks and other service industries are accounting its profit in north. It was openly discussed that all the IAS and other administrative cadres are posting in all secretariat levels only if they were experimented in Gujarat.*

*The corporate sector was shockingly discussing that PM had undertaken tour to 136 countries to canvass contracts for his close circle companies. They helped him to build his Gujarathi Model by staying in overseas countries and in India. Overseas investment is canvassed by him to his overseas friends. We are clueless. The purpose, the contracts, the assurances, and government involvement in all these deals are state secrets. Not even one report came from the PMO till*

date, why he had visited so many countries? It was all deals and deals. How can we put them in paper unless we get data?

Vinod, "Sameer, we have to brave the emerging CORPORATISM which is the neo-capitalism. Not one Indian will face safety of employment, safety of his small industrial production, small trades, and stable life in any profession. Fear will hunt the whole society, that they will dismantle, and livelihood will be destroyed over night by a government order or a corporate decision. Symptoms are seen or felt in every walk of life. 40 crores retail traders and its peripherals are in grave danger of being marginalised and driven to the road. 70 crores of work force in this informal sector. Government is promising them a Pension after 30 years. Hoax! In his dying age no records will be there. Government may exist or die, nation may exist. Nation is melting with the divided communities and social fabrics being torn every day and night. Fear grips the people to pass on certain areas in every city and towns. Danger is evident and any day it will burn the country. Anyway, you and I are having no chance to stop this menace. Sameer, now a days, I have an inner sense often telling, my number has come. They are shadowing me. everywhere." Lines disconnected.

Research and Analysis Wing, CBI was recording the conversation. Prepared note to home minister.

00000000000000000000000000000000

## CHAPTER 07 FIGHT CASES- NOT IN OUR ROYDURG

### Case No. 4504/19 "Pranav Upanishad vs. DSP Roydurg"

High court of Karnataka Division bench heard the case. Justice Chandoos turned to the senior lawyer appearing on behalf of Pranav, "o.k. what is your prayer. Produce your client."

"Your honour, I am afraid, that he is not safe even to reach this court. Hundred police are blocking the road to capture and take him to custody. May I remind you, sir, of inhuman torture and treatment met by him, last year in the custody. An attempt of murder was done on him. So, we have come for an anticipatory bail, with a specific application that the police shall not foist

some other fabricated case against him and try to arrest him. Once your honour considers our application, he will appear before the Magistrate of Roydurg to-morrow. He is defending a few accused in the very vital case in the murder cases, where the appellant is accused of firing at Swarsaa's house: Attempting to kill him. The existing accused are innocent village traders. After Pranav filed the petition, Police included him in the FIR and charge sheeted as co-accused."

"Your honour, this is the fourth time, the same DSP is getting warrant to arrest Pranav. So, for, twelve such warrants were challenged in this honourable court by Pranav, whenever he filed his affidavit to defend clients. Roydurg police is clear that no defence shall be provided, if they file any criminal case against anyone in Roydurg. In all the cases, immediate relief was given by this honourable court.

Public Prosecutor got up, "They are not relevant to this case. Need not be heard."

Government pleader turned to the Judge, "No, we have strong evidence that Pranav Upanishad is involved in the murder now and before Roydurg and he had safely moved with them out of the state after they killed Mr. Kamalsaa, brother of Swarsaa. You know that he is one of the great national figures."

The judge, in a poetic mood and he smiled, "Yes, some rise by sin, and some by virtues fall, continue"

"Sir, Secondly, the accused is associated with Maoist group named 'Che Brigade. It is a terrorist organisation. So, the state has obtained the arrest warrant."

"Is Che Brigade, a banned terror organisation?"

"No, Your honour."

"Have you got any specific complaint registered against that? Is he an accused?"

"No, Your honour."

Judge Parandam raised his head from the papers.

"What is the motive? No evidence, no connection nor abetment, no accused no charge is reframed. What is the offence, he has committed? Did you produce one evidence or witness? Public prosecutor does you want to insult the judiciary?"

"No, your honour, we will take him into custody for a week for enquiry." "Government has passed one regulation; the state can declare at the level of Inspector, that he or I or any one as terrorist and the police can arrest. We do you have government direction?"

"Mr. Public Prosecutor, had you ever defended any murderer? Whether he was jailed and punished?"

"Yes, your honour, so many cases?"

"Had you ever been arrested and jailed for providing defence?"

"No, sir, we want him to in police custody, to investigate"

"Public Prosecutor, please note that, there were times, when every innocent or criminals were dragged behind the horse on the road and jailed them by the kings and rulers. We are not in such

barbaric society, I believe. Government declaring each person, they consider as terrorist and arrest them and jail them is a height of idiocy of state. We will have to convert city as a jail and jails as free citizen living space. Please, do not shame the court by your obsolete prayers."

"Do you have evidence, my final question?"

"No sir"

"I am sorry, O.K. answered my question. You are a senior lawyer. I find no material evidence except your blank affidavit. Mr. Pranav is a lawyer, and he is bound to appear for an accused. Legal system has not gone worse to punish the lawyers also, who are appearing for culprits or accused."

Another judge again took the paper and read, "Since, the police of Roydurg, has reported that they have got substantial proof, that Mr. Pranav Upanishad is a member of a banned terrorist organisation, this warrant is issued to arrest him immediately."

Calmly the other one quoted, "it is tale told by an idiot, with sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"So, you have filed a forged/false affidavit before the Magistrate of Roydurg and mislead him. You want High court also to act foolishly. Did you read the order of the Magistrate?"

"Yes, No, your honour".

"Yes, No, good. Read the order of Magistrate. Police shall serve the order to Pranav in his office or residence. He is directed to appear before me with in two days."

O.K did you serve him the order?"

"No Sir"

"But without showing him orders, the DSP sent a team of police to arrest him."

"Pranav is appealing to this court for the fifth time for anticipatory bail and the same DSP of Roydurg is misusing his powers all the time. All the time, this court has given him relief. The main petition is struck off by the lower court two times and three times no charge sheet was filed, hence dismissed. I had given enough warning in the past when appeal was posted to us. Do you think that this court is jobless and your coteries to pass orders you want? I know not whether prosecution is right or whether laws are wrong. This is judicial body. In our court the culprit pleads justice against the innocent, and we are pathetically trying to stall it with our conscience, every time. We are happy that the lower court was very cautious to pass orders of serving of notice to the accused."

"Now, Suo-motto, I order for an investigation by a commission appointed by this High Court to investigate into the role of DSP in filing fake complaints against the villagers and tribals. Secondly, violating and disobeying the order of the Magistrate, we advise the court to proceed with contempt of court against the DSP. The departmental enquiry will be followed by a trial court action against him. The application submitted by the lawyer of accused, I merge it with the present case NO. 4504/19/1. I warn no arrest or harassment to the applicant lawyer."

Pranav lawyer interfered, "Sir, one such complaint is before this court and two more before human right commission. But all proceedings are frozen."

"Why?"

"Government pleader did not appear."

"Is it a fact, PP?"

"No, sir, we have directed the Roydurg police to submit an investigation report. Sir, past 8 months they are in progress."

"First case, three years over, Second two years two months over? Pranav lawyer commented."

"Sir, it is in progress?"

"I feel ashamed of this kind of misuse of state machinery. You have entrusted the investigation to the culprit himself, Am I correct? Judiciary has become mockery- is that right? Enough!"

*"I recommend to the Chief Justice to appoint the commission now. I also direct the IG to suspend DSP Samraj and all his powers. Mr. Pranav can go back to Roydurg and attend the court. Application for anticipatory bail allowed. Permanent injunction is now issued against the Roydurg police from initiating any kind of action against his freedom of movement or professional practice."*

*"Order passed." Chandoosa signed the paper and passed on to his colleague.*

DSP Samraj nerves shot up with anger. Bastards, High Court, destroyed his carrier! He called Swarsaa. Phone was not lifted. Samraj knows he is a dead wood for Swarsaa. A trapped man-eater, he is now.

He moved out of the court. An encounter, this time, without uniform. Swarsaa is right. Courts are not the right place to enforce our private assignment. He is also felt a chill sense. He can also be the target of Swarsaa's gang soon. He headed hundreds of murders as police encounters and buried hundreds of murder cases in this region. His chapter will be closed. Life is too precious to lose.

***IN THE QUEST FOR UNDETERRED POWER  
ARISE IN THEM, AN UNSUSPECTED PERSONALITY:  
ONE WITH STUNTED EMOTIONS, COLD THOUGHTS  
AND PERVERTED MIND ROLLING OVER- A CRUEL STATE.***

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 8

### VINOD CHAND SILENCED.....

Fast moving fingers are competing with the speed of thinking of Vinod Chand. His laptop buttons are flowing with the rhythm of his thought. *'My comrades, I am in house arrest in Pune. They say, they are not allowing me to move due to security reasons. Everyone around me is not allowed to meet me. Everyone is a possible killer. If you want to see my face, it can be only by tearing down this prison. How shall I greet thee? With silence and san tears with my original anger and spite? My letter continues with the leftovers of previous communications. My laptop is not stolen, nor my thoughts are banned. So, my fingers are moving again. Calm down, I will break this confinement soon..'*

*Prime question before us is, not that whether we believe in violence or not, but government believes in violence more. They try to break our nerve. How to break the brute character of oppressive state? And how many times when it appears repeatedly? I often quote this among the comrades. They are passing this flaming issue among thousands. Our cadres are agonized that We refuse to raise violent protest defying the law. We will not because, if they angrily react and violence breaks out. We will regret for our errors when somebody lose their life under police brutality, when one by one goes behind the bars. A chill thought haunts him for some days. Jail was not an unsuitable location. We had an enjoyable time with inmates. We were accused of Converting the inmates in Pune as communists and they posted us to Nasik. They again found;*

our jail life creates more enemies to the state. Is asking my comrades to be silent and I am being kept in this home arrest- correct? When I wrote them. They posted me a German lyric:

*First, they came for the Jews  
And I did not speak out-  
Because I was not a Jew.  
Then they came for the communists  
Then I did not speak out  
Because I was not a communist  
They came for the Catholics  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not catholic  
Then they came for me -  
And there was no one left  
To speak out for me.*

*Pastor Miemoeller  
A German intellectual*

---

*The danger to our freedom is at our doorsteps. If we hesitate, now, to come together and raise our voice, our future will be doomed. FASCISM is like sugar coated arsenic. It may taste sweet to-day and it will destroy you tomorrow. Whatever they say are always other than their motive or hidden intentions. Their directions are for public consumptions, if we refuse, we will be forced to swallow under compulsions. Fascists are really having their predative mission, with soft paws to walk behind you silently. You can identify its manifestations. Powerful slogans, continuous talk on nationalism for no sense of reasons, patriotic rhetoric, huge flags, uniform dressings, public display of mass.*

*It is a real Nazi Strategy now. Mild appeal to come to party forum. Threats and arrogance, coming to your doors and forcing you to join their party. They call in your mobile and the gang leader in your area, wants you to attend the visit of the minister. They will welcome you. They will feed you. But no anti-line. You hate them, you refuse to obey, you try to ignore, you passively stand in the outer line, you fail to resist their pressure when they pull you in, you stand there as good cadre. You kneel at last. You become one among them. Now you are their gang leader with the mobile list.*

*Around you, they will speak of supremacy of armed forces. You shall also function as a great patron of veterans. Never say you hate wars; you are an enemy to the nation. Keep your brain in your pocket and glamorized images of their supreme leader. Tell, he is a universal leader before the media. Tell him, he is another Trump of India. Trump may be a fool, not an issue. He is an American President - all powerful. Once you join them. You have a greater role. An artificial fear about unseen, non-existing, computer-generated enemies inside the nation or across the frontiers. Vinod notes are continuing the - State Hysteria and fake frontiers battles - a character of fascism. There shall be always tearful speech about the tragedy killing of army men and praise the bravery of the party leaders at Delhi.*

*Comrades do not think it is all imaginations. Our names are already rounded off with the marker pens. We are dispensable and not discardable.*



*My friends, do attribute the qualities of men to God and do not worship man as God. It is wrong prescription, or you are in the laboratory as human guinea pig. It is blot in your faith. Do not worship men with all fallacies and pseudo images: it is idiocy. You are bringing disaster to the culture and to the nation. The next generation will judge you for your acts of fanaticism and insanity. Next generation will call you as born coward. Or brand our time as age of stupidity. Liberate yourself from mass phobia. It is not your future, but nation's future is more important. Wake Up with million hands together.'*

Suddenly, some thought started running through his mind. *"Friends, my premonitions are clearly warning, that my time is counted. Missing links of my thoughts warn me, their target will be soon on me. I have been provided four securities to stop my friends to come in. None of them are licensed to kill nor to injure me. I am sorry, Am I in hallucination? I feel I am not. I may not be allowed to meet in the huge hall and share more thought. My intuitions never failed me. I love to talk to you, in hundred gatherings, where your wave of hands I try to touch. Enemies of the people, they will soon act. How fast I do not know. I may not be able to feel those lovely fingers to convey..."* His mail was incomplete. Involuntarily his finger touched 'Send'. Tiredly he closed his eyes.

*"Sir, from Bank"* someone woke him. He was holding several passbooks. How come the four securities allowed stranger to enter? Impulse vibrated. He slowly got up and turned. He showed him the entrance. Suddenly, he heard a bullet firing from the silencer gun. His fragile body landed deep on the chair, made a loud sound. No movement after two minutes. The visitor took the mobile, *"Professor is silenced."*

Swarsaa *"Out, idiot, talk to me after crossing the state border."*

The assassin struck the gun in his holster. He was stunned to find a tall man in front of him, holding a tray. Professors' housekeeper Ravish. That man threw the whole hot food on the killer, while the other man was raising his gun to shoot him. The bullet struck on the plate. The intruder suddenly felt a hard kick. He was thrown towards the window. His face was scratched at the rim of the Window and blood started flowing. In a spark, he jumped out. He ran through the cordon of the police and escaped. Ravish, called the security to capture him. All were acting as though, they are not able to understand, what he told. He called the police and ambulance. The conspiracy hatched.

Professor Vinod Chand, fragile, gentle, fire brand leader is silent while whole nation is turning to tremor. He saw the gun that shot him. He saw a mobile new one in the corner, slipped from the hands of the assassin. His last writings were still in his screen. Ravish took the laptop and pushed among the the file amidst the other published papers. He knows how valuable that is. The new mobile he switched off and packed in a plastic cover and threw it from the left window amidst the shrubs. The last message to the world. If it is found to be the last script, it will be destroyed. He messaged to two or three press people. All Vinod's camp caught the fire in three minutes.

As forest fire, message crossed the roads and towns, lakhs ran towards his home. The city suddenly saw human jam everywhere. From Home Ministry, directions were issued to state to impose 144 and if necessary, curfew to stop the human flow. CM was in Cabinet meeting. He showed the message. In ten minutes, reply was sent to Home Ministry office. *"Sir, we have posted 10,000 policemen. We have deputed two ministers to supervise the operation. We have made*

*all arrangement to regulate the crowd and to pay homage to Mr. Vinod Chand. People are angry and emotional. We will try to appease them. Disturb the hornet nest is not advisable.”*

Reply came, *“Home Minister feels that your government is honouring a Terrorist leader. HM is unhappy to set disobey our orders. Follow our directions.”*

Home Minister was shaken from the crisp reply from CM of Maharashtra. *“Sir, with due respect to your wisdom, our cabinet do not want to create another J & K in our state. Law and Order, our Home Minister will handle. Please as HM to post condolence message.”* In another part of South wing of the Parliament secretariat another cabinet minister was laughing on the seeing the communications. *“An apt reply-nice slap”* the Central Minister from Maharashtra sent a message to the CM. His ministry sent ten lines communication to all press ‘condoling the death of greatest thinker and humanist of the time from Maharashtra.’

Police with a team of investigators and forensic experts spent half-a-day. DIG Pune discussed with some higher ups. Call came from Delhi with special instruction to IG. Police arrested Ravish and brought him before the media. *“We have concrete evidence that Ravish, his assistant was the only person who was with him in his house. We were having four reserve police securities around the house, and nobody had come and gone. Ravish has assassinated Mr. Vinod Chand. May be for material gains. Prof. Vinod’s book royalties and income are abundant and that may be reason Ravish might have come to live with him. We are investigating and full story will be released to you in one week.”*

## CHAPTER 09

### KILLER - RAVISH-GOV. SAYS...

The press clicked the photo of Ravish and some raised the mike. Police prevented the reporters from talking to him. Ravish took a step forward and pushed the police aside and talked to the videos. Police knows what will happen if prevented. So, they waited for four minutes:

*"Professor Vinod Chand is assassinated by suparis engaged by the ruling political party. With four Central Reserve police standing at the gate, a killer comes with gun and shoots down Vinod, fires at me. All are visible from the Window. He escapes thorough the window and crosses the check post. I make this public statement because I will not be allowed to see you all. Tell you the truth. The police in the process of deleting and destroying evidence. I am on my way to torture chambers. But remember my last word. I may not come back. The police will be my murderers. I will prove my innocence and identify the assassinator of my leader-if I am not poisoned by the ruling power."*

*Police immediately came in front and pushed all the reporters back. Ravish moved without fear towards the police jeep.*

*PMO office, some secretary shouted, "cannot you shut one man's mouth, here we shut the voice of one whole state in North. What a useless police force, you are."*

*Curt reply came from State secretary, "Sorry sir, our police department is having very bad notion. They still argue and respect Democracy and constitutional right."*

*Slamming of the telephone is heard from the Delhi chamber.*

*Monday, Pune Magistrate court suddenly rustled with a crowd. "She is going to file a complaint. File an application against Ravish. He murdered Mr. Vinod Chand. He will be hanged for his treachery." One pressman was commenting from the outer compound of the court.*

*Behind her, a tall young lawyer was walking in. An application was submitted and without even being called went to the witness stand, she moved. Justice Mohan doss was shocked. It was Mrs. Vinod Chand, a famous educationist and human right activist. Judge saw some lawyer filing an application and he received that and nodded, "Your honour, I am Pranav Upanishad, I have my registration to plead in Maharashtra Jurisdiction. I am representing Madam, Vinod Chand. I am filing a writ of habeas corpus petition. We want Ravish to be produced to the court immediately. Any delay will end in custody murder. He is in dying condition. Our people saw him being carried in structure yesterday in the police station."*

*"But, why all the way from Roydurg?" Judge was curious.*

*"Sir, Vinod is my teacher and guide in my life"*

*"So, Pranav, good, your faith and love to your Guru. Good, but be careful, the killer is still at large." -judge warned him.*

*Government pleader casually got up, "Sir, Ravish, the culprit is very much there in police custody. It is a cold-blooded murder case and police are conducting investigation."*

*"Yes, Mr. Prosecutor, I need to see the accused before deciding his guilt or innocence, where is he? You had taken him in custody, Is it not?"*

*Mrs. Vinod turned to the judge. 'Sir, May I have a word. It is the third morning. They have not produced him even after 36 hours. He is an honest and sincere person. He came to our house*

*to help my husband three years back. I am told that he was tortured, for the whole day in some other place and returned to police station, yesterday evening."*

*"What PP, is he alive?"* judge was sarcastic and with a tone of contempt.

He called his assistant. *"Go and get this petition registered,"*

Turning to the Pranav, *"What you told your name, yes, yes, Upanishad, please get her signature and you go with him. Get it register and come back. Give the copy of your petition. I will go through that. Do you have an extra copy, hand over to Public Prosecutor?"*

Superintendent of Police, who was standing there got nervous. It was some Central government agency, guys, who are handling the investigation. He himself had a doubt, whether lavishness is alive or not. Judge was reading the petition and shaking his hands.

*"Sub-inspector Ranade and sub-inspector Bhishma Rao",* he was reading louder.

*"Mr. Vedraj, SP, these two are under you, is it not? Call them now?"* that man was standing without any response.

*"Vedraj, you understand, we have two choices. That too in front of these twenty to thirty pressmen. You voluntarily produce him in half an hour. Or I pass order on Writ of mandamus. You two disobey, delay, I pass strictures on your carrier and those two inspectors also for not producing him even after 56 hours. What is your comfort level?"* He was cool.

SP went close to the judge and talked to him for two minutes. Judge nodded and turned to the lady. *"Madams give him 20 minutes. Please wait."*

In fifteen minutes, they brought a blood drooping, skin slashed man, with lot of physical injury. He was taken before the judge. Judge turned to SP and asked him, why his man had done this. SP once again went and hissed to the judge. Judge got angry and shouted at him to tell it in open court. SP was hesitating and he looked at the face of Ravish painfully.

*"Sir, can I tell the truth sir,"* Judge turned to Ravish. The whole Press was trying to get his admission. PP got up, *"Sir, witness can tell after we file our reply."*

*"Mr. PP, better you talk to your SP. I will not deal the main petition. But you can see a man bitten by the blood hounds. Shall I have to wait for your permission, to hear him?"*

*"Sir, I was not beaten by Maharashtra Police or the men who arrested me. I was treated decently, and I was asked to narrate the whole thing happened on that day of shooting of Mr. Vinod Chand. I was not only the housekeeper; I was also the bodyguard to him. He was in his study room. I went to kitchen to cook him some hot food. While moving all the four reserve policemen were in their post. After 18 to 20 minutes, I brought his dinner. Normally he will eat by six itself. I heard there was some rustle in their room. The sound of Vinod falling on the chair shook me. I rushed to the door. Some guy was telling something over the phone to someone and he was pushing his gun into his holster. I took two steps forward and he lifted the gun. I threw the hot food on his face, and he fired at me. My serving metal plate blocked the bullet. I was trained in martial art, and I kicked him in his stomach. He dashed on the window frame. Blood started*

oozing from his head and face. Being very strong and alert, he just back dived from the Window to the grass and ran away. I was much worried about Mr. Vinod, hence I tried to check him. He was dead. I called the police and ambulance. I again called our press friends who are close to him. Madam was not in town, and I rang her up. This same statement I gave to police.”

“Then why so much injury?” judge directly asked him.

He took a sip of water. “Sir, local police registered my statement and got it signed. None of them had beaten me. Not even they used harsh language” The whole hall was really surprised.

“How these wounds are, then. Any other prisoner hit you?”

“No, I was beaten by two ruffians from U.P. They came suddenly yesterday and carried a letter stating that they are from Anti-Terrorist Squad. Our inspector objected, saying that Ravish was arrested on the suspicion of murder and investigation is going on. Police inspector was clear that it was within his jurisdiction. They told that they have got higher up orders and local police can not interfere. They called someone in Delhi and instruction came to inspector to leave them under the custody of Central policemen. Inspector recorded all discussion and got the same signed. He was uneasy and called SP. While I was being moved out SP was not available. They roughed me and took me in a car. When I told the local police, how can they hand me over to ruffians instead of producing me before the magistrate, they were dump found. Those two guys took me to some building and told me to speak to the video after memorising one written sheet. It was written that Mr. Vinod was strongly associated with the Maoist groups, and they used to have meeting often in that house. He is the master mind for several Maoist attack in Pavagada, Chhattisgarh and Bihar. Mr. Vishwas, G.K Rao, Subeena Washim, Duke, Sakee were his regular visitors. They had a plan to bomb some of the Aryan Nationalist Crusaders state headquarters and were targeting some senior ministers. Vinod and other fell apart on share of some money. That may be the reason for some of his men might have terminated him.

I crushed the paper and threw it under the table. Irritated guys hit me merciless and kicked me when I fell down. Three hours they tortured and even plucked my nails. While rolling, I gathered that sheet back and pocketed the same. I lost my consciousness after some time and they called the police to lift me to their station, I do not know when. From the morning the locals are trying to treat me, calling a private doctor.”

“Mr. Vedraj, did you record their entry to state police station and got their signature to hand over Ravish?”

“Yes sir, procedures were followed. If ordered, I will produce the copies.”

“Application filed by Mrs. Vinod Chand is admitted and on bail we release Mr. Ravish. In the meantime, the clients can lodge a private complaint against those Special officers who had tortured the victim. Mr. Vedraj is advised to produce those two in the court immediately”

“Mr. Vedraj, you told that they are Maharashtra cadres is that correct?”

“Sorry sir, I am told by my assistants. I had not seen them, nor personally enquired. Now I checked and they confirmed that they were from Avadhi.”

Ravish told, “Sir, they are from UP and they spoke Bhojpuri, between themselves. Since I was in Gorakhpur area for four years, I am familiar with their language.”

The moment they came out of the court, a private ambulance was waiting. Vedraj came to them. *"Sorry, Ravish, I could not save you from those rogues. It is my mistake; I left the things to be handled by some bloody cowards. I will try to protect the interest of Vinod family and friends. He is a great soul, I respect. Madam, I did not have time to visit your home and pay my respect Vinod. Any help, madam, please call me."* He gave the card and went back.

*"Tell Ravish, does he have the identity of the person who shot professor and how we are going to rescue him from this hell, we will plan?"* Vedraj SP privately had a word with Pranav.

Moving in the ambulance Ravish was recalling. *"Vinod was apprehensive of something going to happen like this. He told me that he is having some premonitions and feelings that Aryan Nationalists were planning to finish him. I wanted to watch his room and the open space. So, from the general CC TV, I arranged separate high-resolution camera. Police as usual took the CC TV, in which, the murderer is visible. Police report says that no one moving or entering on that day. But I am yet to recover the CD from that private set. Secondly, the guy lost his mobile phone during the fight. I rolled it in a cloth and put it in a plastic cover. I threw that amid shrubs. Pranav, thanks for coming all the way. In fact, the judge, sensed that the issue is a political game of the ruling party - Engaging supari, hushing the case details, arresting me and forcing me to speak against Vinod. Good thing you also came at the right moment. One of the police was referring about the attempt to shoot you at Roydurg court."*

Mrs. Vinod told Ravish that she will recover those evidences and with Pranav she will work out how to bring him out in this case immediately. She was showing her contempt and rage.

When the Ambulance stopped. Mrs. Vinod got down. She told with a bold voice *"I will not replace Vinod Chand in the Indian political scene. May be, I cannot have that stature, But I will fill the vacuum. Let me face the hard times."*

oo

## CHAPTER 10

### Much about their ideology and faith

Some two hundred participants were silently observing. A booming voice heard.

*"Not to-day, in 1923, Veer Savarkar spoke, "Hinduise the politics and militate the Hinduism". We were trying to weaponize this idea. I am looking at, all the development objectively, so do not read them as ideas of my brain."*

*"When we take it to people our ideas of consolidation of Hindus as one solid force, we have continuous hurdle from the preachers of Philosophy of Hinduism itself. Ancient philosophy that 'world is one family', 'let the noble ideas flow from every direction', treating other religions as 'streams of holy rivers to reach the same ocean of faith'-is eroding our effort to create hatred, division and polarisation. Old generation was devoting time to read the scriptures, hear the Upanaysa, the lectures. When the devotions are deep, they go beyond the narrow vision of hatredness and refused to insult other faiths. Many godmen preached this idea of love and*

tolerance to grass roots. Similarly, Jainism and Buddhism, born in our womb, envisioned similar noble perception. Its philosophy is so endearing and so compassionate, religion, as it is, never could be turned to political power. But in long run the priests and Bishops used their holy godmen images and made the ruling powers to obey their directives. All were fine till Mogul entered the scene. There was no distinct theory to breed religious nationalism. Islam did enter with different vision. Mohanmed, the prophet was a general with an army. He entered into wars nearly eight times, in that desert. So, Islam had an inherent philosophy to war with people of different faith. Unless we convert religion as political missile, by using religion as our sword to divide other religious groups, we will not be able to create our space in the politics.

The polarisation which we have created, if it were done in much ancient times, nation would have turned theocratic state with no place for minorities. Or minorities would have turned to be a secondary citizen as Golwankar told. Why, to-day- we are successful? Two reasons- we can control the muscle powers of government. The media and create a pseudo-mass opinion in our favour. We were able to create a filthy and unpalatable opinion against Muslims. We were able to poison the minds of the people. We have a set of sucking brains. We shed our tears that our religion is dying. It works as sentiment for a section of women and orthodox. They receive it without questioning-why it is dying, or how it is dying. We suddenly say we are the most militant and powerful state. We require some hundred men shall come to street and make sound fury. Some retired army men shall speak of 1962 and 1964 war tales. It appeals to many hollow brains. We never bother whether it was backed by substance or truth. Hundred times we repeat, and we find they started believing that they are true tales. None questioned this propaganda as it was convincing their infantile syndromes. Anyone scratches your skin, there will one micro membrane of communal sentiment. That is their weakness and our assets.

Savarkar wrote in 1923-24 itself that those rakshasas who were killed in the Epic Wars, were reborn as Milechee, the Muslims and Christians. Please avoid quoting this. Both Asura and others were Hindus. The epics or Purana says that they were good Raksha's who worshipped, did deep penance. Siva or Vishnu or other gods gave them divine blessings. Mahishasura was a saint reborn because of curse and he was destroyed and his soul merges with the holy powers of goddess Durga. Ravanaeswara was devotee of Shiva, and he was given Mukti by Lord Vishnu. Some rationalist questions our observation. Are Muslims or Christians are blessed children of Shiva in their previous birth? This question came from one of the writers from Tamil Nadu. Within our religion more poisonous snakes. We have inherent enemies. There are logics often blocks the injection of conscience of fear religion among Hindu population.

Where, we lost our vision was during the partition. There were two types of researchers. If Hindu Mahasabha did not create the hate campaigns, If Congress party, which was half communal agreed for 33% seat reservation and voting to Muslims, who also fought for freedom of the nation, If Mohammed Ali Jinna was taken confidence of and congress moved with more tolerance-birth of Pakistan would not have taken place. If British had not conspired and palyed their divide and rule game from 1924 to 1947- Akanda Bharatha would have existed.

But we Hindu Maha Sabha had an inherent wish to drive the Muslims out. Veer Savarkar was clear as back as 1923, India cannot be one Nation. Lal Lajpath Rai in 1924 openly wrote to Tribune magazine. The pressure from Jinna and Muslim league was the final assault to divide the nation. But it was only a half-baked act. There was no ethnic cleansing as politicians wished and people in both the regime still held their compassion to their neighbours.

During May 1946 a data was released by Cabinet Mission-some British agency. It was their blueprint to draw the dividing line for Partition. Lord Mountbattan clearly told that Indian

*Partition shall take place on 15<sup>th</sup> Aug 1947. Total population in united India was 570 million. The size of the Muslim majority population in the planned Pakistan side Punjab, NEF province, Sind, Baluchistan 170 million. In East Pakistan part of Bengal and Assam side it was 30 million. The border line drawing was given to Lord Radcliff, who gave the map in four days before Independence and asked Pakistan and India to acknowledge and sign in 1947. 7.5 million from Pakistan to India and 7.5 million roughly moved from India to Pakistan migrated. Totally, more than ten Lakh died in blood bath, disease hunger and desperation. But majority Hindus were forced to convert to Islam later in Pakistan. How we say that? The minority in Pakistan is four or six percent now. True to say, Indian we, could not make an ethnic cleaning of all Muslims in one stroke. Secondly, India did not force the conversion of Muslims in India. It is big blunder. We had to wait 70 years to revive our powers to give rebirth to our one nation, one religion ideologue. But we are yet to write the story of success.*

*60 to 70 years story we recreate. We made lies true, and truth lies. Our aim is to change the thinking and mind set of our people. We implanted our own theology. No God never asked us to give protection, nor, really, we do not protect the omnipotent, I agree. But it is foolish to speak that true theology. We have started moving people everywhere to fight for protecting the Hindu gods. This generation believes all pseudo tales as true action of valour. Application of sense of reason is a misdemeanour. It is like playing great warrior Ninja or spiderman games in computers- we do generate in the minds of the people.*

*Unfortunate it is here in the name of Hinduism, not many such knights, we had, to sacrifice and die for our religion. We have one Chhatrapati Shivaji to project. War he conducted on the issue of territorial supremacy. Islamic expeditions to south are also war, loot and barbarism. It is not a religious aggression. We have our eternal short fall. Two, whoever instigated to call 'I am a Hindu' had been insulted in the name of caste, withing our religion. Many of our Pracharak had not opened the scriptures and holy books to read: Those leading the movement are mammon worshipers. This is a transparent analysis of advocates of our religion and belief. Those who develop true Profound, faith, they go with divine thoughts, never turn our side. We are still short of future strategy. It is my conclusion" Dr. Suraj Prabhu." All India Secretary of Aryan Nationalist Crusaders. The political ideologue of the ANC returned to his seat. He was happy that his presentation was well received from the audience. He looked at his next speaker, who was still engrossed in his notes.*

*"Dr. Vikramaraj, ANC think tank chief advisor, please address"*

*Dr. Vikram Raj got up. "Blame me not, if I differ from the inherent ideas, you preserve, that is decaying our religion. Changes are alarming around the globe, so also thinking also. I do not tell that we shall go with new tech and sophisticated arms. Prophet Mohammed to lift Sword in those days, so we shall carry AK 57 and go to protect our religion. Of course, it is there in some states where religion is under the backyard of Feudalism. We have no ambition of establishing Hinduism back in this whole globe replacing Christianity. We are to push back Islam and Christianity from our shore or render them as our soft allies. Soft allies I mean, neither guns nor mike and speaker to propagate your religion in our country. Because, we have an excellent religion which will accept our position as holding company or allow merger and amalgamation- which is missing with others.*

*So, what is our perception? What is our mission? First draw your programme as management governance. We need an analysis all with the vigour and strength of Bala Athibala Mantra. We shall make a SWOT, strength and weakness, opportunities and threat analysis. Concentrate here. I am not talking to you in the religious preacher's language.*



*"You do not immediately say that I am not religious nor I disrespect. I want the faith to be retained with a devotion, deep thought. Merely carrying some saffron flag or chanting Jai Shree ram is not faith. I will call it senseless political game."* A section reacted with a 'Jeer' angry red faced. He looked at them and his eyes are having no trace of fear, about their disapproval.

*"Can we name this condition, a degenerating situation? Should we have to change our strategy? Yes, I repeat! Yes! We shall convert Hinduism a preaching religion. Concept shall be understood. A positive wave shall be created. We shall derecognise the existence of other religion in the nation. Our strength is our literary base. Our huge fabric of philosophy. It is four Vedas, two Epics, 18 Puranas, 10 Manu smritis, three Geethas, 108 Upanishads, smritis and shrutis, bhashyams. Besides, Yogas, Indian musics, Kalari-martial art, Nirtya-various dances, Ayur vedas, the herbal medicines. We have so much of treasures like Chanakya Artha Sastra, Kalidas to Thualisdasa, hundreds of scripts are to be in Indian languages. We can travel up to Shankara period. We have all our ancient scripts as archives in our libraries. This is our inherent strength. In simple term, our holy books do talk, what Old Testament wants to tell. From our scripts we will be able to create the ideals of Koran. Buddhist, Sikh, Jainism is born in our laps. Simple language we are origin or embodiment of all ideals. Our weakness is that we failed to raise them from library level to literary level, literary level to spiritual level, from spiritual level to fanaticism level from fanaticism to political level and from political level to a religious power. It is our mission; we could not reach. What is an opportunity we studied? We can tell them about the Testament in us and Quran in us. We can tell them that they can come and join as we had fathered these **thinking for** 10000 years. So, what is our threat. We have many controllers, with no evidence of their understanding the new mode of reaching more people. we shall remove the pundits, the mutt heads and other orthodox cultural centres and convert this universal subject, accessible to all those who wants to enter. Think, if this religion has got be revived, bring the changes. Billions of dollars are going to mutts and evangelism is missing. If we continue with our feudal ideas, we do not require any enemy, we ourselves will kill Hinduism.*

*I will say, open it to all religious students. Hinduism is not monolithic religion. It has no gates no passage blockade. Hinduism has no sectoral identity nor any special ceremony for conversion. It is idiotic to make people to wear sacred thread and shave the heads to convert one to Hinduism. It is another religious trade of these mutts. Men from other religion first will hate us for opening our doors for them, will refuse to accept our idol worship. They do not know; we have imageless gods. They will look at our relation to God. They will try to understand the correlation between their old preaching and thoughts of Hinduism. They will come and ask us to allow them in temple for prayers, they will turn in for worship. They will finally stand one among us. We shall stop our antics and our misbehaviours and aversion to them. Once our suns shine, it will make other religions an iceberg and glaciers. Break your mental barriers by branding them foreigners since he was having names as Takbir or Salman or Immanuel. Now your mental obsessions shall be broken. Already there are towns and cities such culture is accepted by locals and people from other religion are praying.*

*One clear term I tell you, in Hinduism you are another follower from one stream. There are thousand streams. If is worshipper of Islam or Christians comes, they represent thousand one and two. Your desire to have a cultural Identity, neither your gods nor your scripts enforce can identities. It is a Pure Consciousness that will mingle with our eternal almighty. Islam try to hold its people with it religious seal-monotheism. You cannot question or dissect Quran. Christianity-church says that Old Testament and New Testament is your one lane track. Many religious heads among us are having obsession to this broad-minded idea. Can our religious heads come out of their feudal position? Tell me. If they can not adjust, ask them, when they are going*

to adopt Aranyavasa? Our responsibility is to raise our faith as a glorious movement and not to build our personal wealth and glory, pushing the faith below our feet! Do you agree with me or not?

ANC is almost 84 years old. We were recruiting thousands for our national cause. Many had come in and many had passed away and some had died in the course of bomb blast or local arsons and lootings. Four hundred and Seventeen cadres, we had lost in the unreported war with other ethnic groups. Not even police cases were registered. Irony is, knowing that death is nearer many are willing to join our militant wing. But our fear is not dead. Hinduism may turn to be another extinct religion like Shinto or Judaism.

Here is our opportunity to confront another red enemy. We can build a positive mission against. If we Can do it, we can build a nation of our own? Yes, we can. In the world around, how propaganda wins. Read them in depth. 1930-1940 Hitler became a world most powerful leader. Mussolini grew in 1925 to 1935. Their voice was powerful among the youth, among the nationalist. They did not have so much technological innovations to combat. Still, they were able to win a world. The McCarthyism, a seed of repression of the unborn communism in USA. 1945 America had nil opinion about the communism in Europe. But sitting senator in USA wanted to kill the communism around the world. He made USA a permanent enemy of socialist world. Along with him, few senators especially Athan Theoharis, a Republican started condemning every national and international policies of USA as pro-communism He made cry that in the government posts communist are sitting and they are anti-Americans. This had nothing to do with the change of the Presidents or party leaders. Communist did not enter in any politics in USA. But the campaign was so effective, still, the whole politics of USA was transformed as anti-communism. Some policies of USA are copy paste of communists and many are burial ground of the same ideology. A world bipolarisation resulted in trillions of dollar diversion towards the forming of NATO, CENTO. American arms race and nuclear weapon building had sucked huge funds in military defence of the nation, rather than building a nation with a good benefit to the poorer section. Developing nations were squeezed to buy arms than food for their hungry millions. One idea transformed the very path of the nation. McCarthyism won the world media. Today it is no more a subject. Communism in Russian soil is also now declined. These are the success stories of corporate strategy.

What I want to tell you is, yes, the focal vision of a nation, the religious faith, the racist hatred, anti-communism, can be reinvented to serve our political interest in India. We can make the voice of opposition feeble and feeble. At one time they will sing our songs, put our tilaks, wear saffron to confuse or please the people. They will become one among us.

Voice of peace will also have inherent hard-core tactics. We can screen the news information and silence them. We can recalibrate the information's and make them as our channel ideas. We will speak in small sentences to hundred million people. Ten thousand times. **Our enemies are Islam, Isais and ism, that is communism.** Fortunately, these three do not see face to face. Because communism is a godless religion. Other one is praying God beyond the universe calling him in loud voice. The third is kneeling before a dead messiah appealing to him to convey their suffering to his god father.

How we will succeed. This is hard line force to reach our goal. We have an invisible para-force of one lakh cadres. We have social groups, anarchic wing and gun squad. Social group is an open theatre moves with people in public. Some may do propaganda. Some may speak evil about other religions. We will not be connected with each other. We have a highly paid IT wings, who maintain social media as well as visual media. They work with corporates and huge advertisements

money pours in. We have paved way for huge funding through the corporate social responsibility funds of the companies. Companies are getting total tax rebate for such channelling. Loopholes made perfectly incorporated accounting system. We will get you the funding process, if you are selectively wants to work. My frontal areas of operations are over. Now polish your brains, we must adopt fast track, while the government is in power." Vickramraj sat. Some how he saw many approvals and disapprovals as his new concepts are post graduate class for SSLC failed.

ANC state president got up with his heavy frame. "Our thinking groups had discussed, why we are failing. Virkanji told how a new formula is to be injected. We must have a brain wash to accept his new ideas. Still, I feel, they are to be more and more spoken at higher levels. If someone says that I shall learn to operate computer, then only, I can remain as president, I will prefer to avoid the system to enter my office till I am President."

What are our present assets to run the city movement is our analysis? We have good, bad, ugly movie characters to run the party. The so-called anarchic groups are the lower-level gully boys, jobless lumpens, local thugs, ground level gangster leaders. They will be paid periodically to mobilise crowd. They will be ignited to create anarchy and enter into arson and loot once signalled. They are kept at arms distance. We condemn their violence in public. They are not bothered if they are Paid for their jobs. Better, you also keep away, if you are not assigned.

The third is totally independent and selected groups of bullet brutes or suparis. They work with a huge haul of money. We distinctly keep ourselves far off from them. Yet, they are with us. They are our outsourced assassins. Many terror acts, they do will be foisted on innocent minorities. Especially the death squad maintains total silence about their identity. We are not associated with them. It is some other remote control. To maintain a big nation and its political system, we need them all. Party has hundred wings like this. There is organisational skill, far from our eyes, makes us par excellence. They work with Mossads of Israel. They are with Mafia group. We rather pay heavily. Be confident! Hundred years we will rule.

Now we entrust you, the national action plan. It is not easy to continue to hold the people with pseudo-promises, false fears, big brand images of PM or consistent oppressive tactics. Article 370 is paralysed. Whatever is happening in Kashmir may not come out. When it comes down the stream, enough stories will be built to smash it. It is a lesson to all the states to behave. But the danger is, terrorists are growing up as per the government information. Menace is dangerous if it spreads around the nation. We are not safe.

**Nation is very vast.** Education is also high. Regionalism and linguistic emotions are another dominant factor. Outwitting all these hurdles, do remember, if we have to run the government. We shall abandon all our antics, but not our megalomania. A few talked about military dictatorship and to change the constitution for a Presidential form of government with all centralised financial and taxations. We are having the same now, without the military rule. Over a period, even to run a municipal corporation, they have approach centre to sanction.

We intent to heap up our political strength. Someone gave a thought to tackle political extremists. Dictator Pinochet of Chile used to declare the names of enemies in tax evasions, drug peddling and other crimes. While releasing their name, he will declare that they are absconding to escape the police arrest. The missing persons never came alive in Chile. In Sri Lanka, the LTTE suspects were taken in custody. More than 60000 Tamils, such army arrested never returned home. Some of us, feel these are political excess. Are they not safe solutions and people will also be not antagonised?

*We were very successful in poisoning the relations between the various ethnic groups. We use our social media now. But without them, we were still doing that from 1920s. Process was slow, and it was difficult to keep the fume alive. We succeeded in calling for a violent hartal, arson and riots any time we wanted. We succeeded in destruction of wealth and properties of the minorities. Many a rival trade groups had funded us for destructing the competitors in trade, in such communal riots. By envy and hatred, by struggle and warfare, even if needed by spreading hunger and destitution, we do bring owes to these century back invaders, who are not our blood. We shall infuse fear in them towards an unremittable submission and total obedience.”*

*All our ideas were termed anachronic by the rationalist groups, which are in the missing person list of humans. Our obituary message goes promptly. We have a firm faith that we can reverse the motion of the nation to a period of Vedic monarchic Culture. We can see the revival of Hindu empire, by compulsion, by convulsion of anti-forces. Those who follow, let them be in this cubical land and others let them cross Arabic Sea to settle.”*

*“Our tolerance ends here. We dictate. We have an agenda to reframe the constitution of India. God need not come as avatar to establish the Dharma. We will take that task. We will blaze the society that is trying to halt our holy march to ancient wisdom. Jai Shriram.”*

*“Dear Friends, I forgot to share one 1955 incident, where Pakistan aggressive occupied another state Paktunistan of the Pathans by using military force. India, Afghanistan, and Russia opposed this whereas British took a line that Pakistan sovereignty is undisputed. Pakistan will sell some land to China and come and tell us, we want Kashmir. If we let them speak, they will say, we want Delhi, former capital of Moghuls.”. Next time if they show their tail, we will create another Bangladesh in the Paktunistan for Pathan. If they still wag their tail. We will create another small independent country in the place of Pakistan occupied Kashmir. We can have another Nepal. Partition is not new.”*The crowd gave him a big ovation. State President Daulat Ram look at the other two intellectuals and indicated, that demagogy like his speech will alone be better marketed, even though he is eighth passed.

This gigantic austere man in saffron cloth was mesmerising, inciting fire among the team of righteously attired men, with his booming voice and oft quoting ancient scripts. There were two hundred and twenty-one men with an ascetic face and more with godmen attires. They are from various states with one target. Turn the empire to fascist state. There was pin drop silence except the speakers. Divya Prasad, the propaganda secretary got up. He was so soft as satin in his voice.

*“ We did wait for auspicious time and our stars are predicting that we are regaining our lost glory in this Jambu Dweepa situated in our Bharata Kante or Asian continent. We are not happy with our seeds and floras among our cadres. There is a demand for women participation in Aryan Nationalist Crusaders. We are not having some hesitation to allow them. Sastras are prohibiting women to lead in the militant movements. Let them be in the party level. This is for men and in fact for Bachelors. We allowed married men. We are tracing more spineless men among us as refugees than cadres. Wealth accumulates among our disciples. We are tracing silent betrayals too. Solo groups are growing for sale of government positions. I was shocked when someone told me that a director of bank post is sold for Rs.15 crores and control board post are sold for Rs.20 crores. 4987 posts are for such sales, besides one lakh transfer of government employees. Who are these solo dealers? Many refuses to join our stream, saying that they have their no freedom to talk or act as they want. They are in the Indias Nationalist Party. The talk of absolute freedom we will honour as long as they do not cross the yellow lines. Liberty, fraternity, and equality are dirty communist ideas. Why we shall speak; Our party words are more than Vedas. We will not accept equality in Ethnicism. Even freedom of women shall have its limitation or*

*society will be corrupted. We shall not give free hands to cadres to debate and run their writ. We do not recognise the concept of equalising the labour with capital or landowner verses peasant, party high level and grass roots. Our directions may be idiotic, or intelligence, yet cadre shall say that 'they obey'”*

Someone asked, “*can we inner party introspection.*”

*“Not today, never in the future. ‘Democratic freedom is an idea but not a fact.’ Our squads do not believe in debate on issues concluded by Presidium.”*

DISBURSE.....

**Vikarm was stunned**, “Have I joined an Animal farm?”

## CHAPTER 11

### NONE CAN CHANGE-HIS WILL

Swarsaa was relaxing in the Magnum Five-star hotel - ANCs. 17<sup>th</sup> floor, long corridor separated from the other rooms and clients. King suit 2 was his lucky suit. One was with Kamalsaa. A disturbed sense has formed that the life before him is not going to be so happy. A land slide is sensed by him. It is all the game of throne earlier. It is war of survival now. But too tough. He remembered a small skirt or movie in which a bunch of men will be thrown inside the jungle with guns to hunt each other. Finally, one comes out, who was shot from behind by the last victim. Many of his hardcore were sometimes shot, some of them were caught and many times silenced. He saw dried bodies of his musclemen in jungle, who is famous for their guts to slit throats of the enemies in public.

It is called patriotic responsibility, mercenary spirit within his own state to shoot down the dissents or political opponents. For his great service to eliminate the political activists and radicals of various states, general secretary of the party awarded him as great nationalists and patriot. Sometimes he used wonder, what is nationalism and patriotism. His friend in a drunken mood explained his own theory of Nationalism and Patriotism of leaders.

*“You shall not eat Indian food varieties. Because it is for poor Indians who are starving. Secondly, all are urea, chemical fertilizer, insecticide sprayed veg and fruits-harmful health. We shall not be benefitted by the subsidies given to poor farmers. Poor shall eat those chemicals and sprayers. Good for them. We eat Italian Neapolitan Pizza, Sushi fish dish, Japan, Peking duck from China, Mexican specials. Drinks Bourbon. Premium: Maker's Mark, rum, Bacardi, Vodka, Scotch, Dry Vermouth from France. You shall not travel in Maruthi or some local old Ambassador. You are depriving the Indians from getting those cars. You shall go in Lamborghini, Audi, or BMW. You shall not travel in Indian Airlines. Choose, British Airways, American Boeings or Lufthansa. So that ordinary Indians will get space in Indian airways. Your children shall be sent Switzerland or USA for studies. So, poor Indian children will get seats in Indian schools and colleges. Foreign educated will improve India after their education. If they do not return. It is good. India can give job to another poor. You shall keep your reserves in foreign countries. So, more money in the economy and no production in country will cause unnecessary inflation. This is patriotism.”*

He tapped the shoulders of Swarsaa and told, “*Learn from me, we are the best nationalists, who spend trillion dollars in purchase of arms and more arms. You see, we purchase them, we get our work done, in France, Israel, USA, right. We make them to do all work for us. We are courageous Indians. We will fight our future war with remotes, drones, pilotless planes and robotic lethal weapons. See, soon, we are such a powerful country, US army will land here to serve as our external security. They are waiting. 42 countries they have their army stations.*

*1,85,000 American soldiers are in Germany alone. Now, love to come to India. We are super power, man, great superpower. Be proud, Proud to be Indian and great Indian. Ignore the useless communists and some idiotic social groups, which are crying that poor are dying. Poor are born to die, what is great in it. It is their culture; it is written in their fate. Can we rewrite what god has written? stupids! These bloody communist, day and night they want to change the writings of the god. That is why they are getting only six to seven percent of the votes. We are now the ears and eyes of the people. So, talk about patriotism, talk about nationalism, shed tears about the poor. Talk about any subject, other than national our failures. It will spoil our party mood”* The Brabourne in him, working fast.

*“You know, Swarsaa, God has created them poor to suffer. Their sins and ill deeds of these people in the Poorva janma, Karma of the past lives are following them. They will be punished and in next Jana, yes next life they will have better life. Our punya gave us a good life, wealth and power. We are good jeevas, I mean good souls. So, we are here to serve the rich and good souls.”*

Around him eight to nine leaders. All were holding their cups filled many times. Slowly, they kept their cups on the plates and started clapping their hand. There was a shower of greeting.

*“Great speech, you shall speak this in Parliament.”*

He laughed, *“Fool, For Parliament, script is different. I have my speech writer. It will be with lot of empathy, tears, compassion to the poorest of poor, great theories how to make them great citizens of India. In that great talk, we will pass an undebated bill to cut 2% tax on corporates telling the parliament that the benefit will be passed on the poor to buy goods at cheaper rate.”*

Swarsaa was little bit uneasy. All are crossing the limit of their intoxication. His chief wanted a discussion on the recent intellectual attack on the national education policy. Diversion and diversion. In this stage they will speak no sense.

Now it is too late to scorch their thought as too much scotch had gone inside the brain. Now, these guys are enjoying the very fruit of Nazi state, before the country turned to be. Evening will hence forth will be beginning with great oath of national pride, our battle power, how nuclear bomb will smash Lahore, many with old soldierly uniforms 1967 medals, majoritarian muscle powers, threatening and humiliating language on Pakistan, China. Kicking Bangladesh as pet dog. There will be pep talk on the great thoughts of Czar and his Rasputin. A few cups of liquor will slip in with Kentucky hot chickens and meat, praising their love for vegetarianism. There will be a battle cry heard from some old veterans. Some quotes of radical forces will be chosen from the magazines and branded as traitors of the Indian culture. A demand will follow to hang them in public. Who are the traitors? Secretary of the party once told correctly.

*“Let them be intellectuals, independent thinkers, who bothers? Why should they talk about us or ruler at Delhi, calling us Czar and Rasputin? Let them have load of sympathy for poor and oppressed, who said they shall not have? If they want, we will give them a big trust of hundred to thousand crores. Let them run it for feeding the poor or running a school. They can have lot of publicity also. Are we against them? Why should they provoke people and ignite mass protests? People had not given them mandate. That means, they are told to shut their mouth and ass. That’s all.”*

He quoted one Malayalam poem against Church. *“When I gave wealth and helped the poor, the church praised me a great soul. But when I questioned why they became poor? They threw me in the street shouting, ‘communist’. Yes, our language is also the same. Our soft languages are*

for those, who follow our commands as sheep. Harsh criticism against us- is not allowed as spoken language, that's all." Swarsaa is an ardent admirer of Secretary of the Party.

Fate do change, Party secretary often use the language *"His Will None Can!"*

Suddenly he will be philosophic. *"Know, Rishi Valmiki, what was he? A brutal hunter, bandit and he used to rape the women who were moving through the forest and rob them. He used to kill the travellers for wealth."*

*"His Will None Can change-I told you!"* One day Valmiki saw a bird flying over the sky and he shot the arrow and killed it. It was a species called 'Krouncho'. It's female partner with unbearable pain, cursed Valmiki, the hunter.

*"You may never attain*

*Ultimate bliss!*

*You killed one of the*

*Krouncho couple*

*That was overwhelmed with love....*

*You know, that was the first verse of the great epic Ramayana. Shocked and smitten by the words of the bird, Valmiki suddenly renounced all his worldly things and went for doing Thapas, a penance for several years. His life changed as saint. The sage authored Ramayana. The great bandit and brute thus turned to be a great saint, whose fame never vanished in the earth.*

Here no curse needed, enough fallen. Yet, after one round of alcohol even brute sometimes turned to be holy men. Many turns brutes.

---

NARAIN BASU 1826-1899 AND NABA GOPAL MITRA 1840-1894  
WERE THE AUTHORS OF TWO NATION THEORY AND HE  
CONCEIVED THE MAHA HINDU SAMITI AND FORMED  
BHARATH DHARMA MAHA MANDAL

---

## CHAPTER 12

### KAMAL SAA, THROAT-SLIT

Magnum used to have hundred clients landing in the early morning. Kamal asked the booking manager to reserve the King's Hut, a luxurious cottage. Manager did not question him. He did not know how to ask the foreigner to go out. Reception lady came in. Manager shifted the problem to her. Another half an hour remains for the deadline given by boss. She approached the senior waiter. He smiled and told her not bother, but to reserve a suit immediately. He went along with four guys and two of them started fuming the area with some chemical gas. The foreigner came out running, shouting.

Chief waiter calmly bowed before him and told, *"Very sorry sir, our security just reported that he saw a snake, some cobra, nearby your doors. In another few minutes, we will track it sir. Please go inside. We will check here and if do not trace then we will come inside and fume out, sir. Nothing to worry sir."*

*"You mean, poisonous snake inside, you want to be, in?"*

*"Sorry sir, you wait here, I will send them in to fume."*

*"Bloody, my wife is there, my dresses are there, and you want to spray this chemical?"*

Waiter took the mobile and called the receptionist, *"Madam, please make ready the Luxury suit I will shift Mr. Robin for time being, till we trace the snake. Yes, madam send the electric car."*

*"Sir, I arranged for you a luxury suit. Bigger than this. I will go inside, please follow me and wake up madam and come out. We will neatly pack your cloth and other things in five minutes sir. Sorry we must disturb you. I do believe that there will be no snake also. You see that big forest behind. But that security repeatedly told. Sorry sir, we are causing lot of inconvenience, sir."*

He was tempted to see the white lady in her beautiful lying position. But Robin from the window called her to get up and sit on the bed. Half dressed; she came out on hearing the word snake.

One hour later: One large Skoda yeti came in and stood before the cottage one. Another Ford SUV came and stood at number two. Behind that a Scania van was parked. Four strangers, all six feet tall and heavy, Vin Diesel and Dwayne Johnson style, stepped out. Behind them came Kamalsaa. Magnum 2 is a high posh area of the hotel. No check in nor any ID is asked. They were Gujrati or Rajasthani, Punjabis, still Indians. Kamalsaa took them to Royal villa, a special cottage with high security. Evening, there was an endless long heated discussion. Hotel employees had never seen their boss being thrashed. Swarsaa also was also a participant.

*"See, Mr. Swarsaa, we have only one order. You hand over all the cash, weapons and documents at your custody to us. We have the list and take it after listing the items. We are not going to hear what your defence is or what is your crime or what is your innocence. They say and we implement. You know what ANC top says? Do It!"*

By seven in the evening three vehicles moved to the forest resort. Ten security men, who were permanently stationed were alerted that there shall be no intrusion till the visitors leave the resort. The securities were going around as army petrol.

*"Who are they", one asked the other.*

*"I do not know, but they are entering the strong room vaults."*

Surprised, the second one asked, *"How do you know?"*

*"These men do visit to store or remove valuables or cash cartons often."*

Morning by four A.M. three men carried ten cartons of cash and boxes with heavy metal and loaded them in a truck. All the three vehicles moved towards highway and after one-hour Swarsaa and two men seated in one vehicle returned to Roydurg and the vehicle was driven by Kamalsaa. The Scania van followed them. Truck departed to Bangalore Highway.

*"Yes, comrade, they had removed a huge cash from the chest and One truck is moving towards Bangalore Airport to be carried in private air carriers. Two men are in that vehicle: All Gym men. They were fully armed. This is the second consignment in this month. We are too late, or it is too risky."*

Kamalsaa drove the vehicle to Magnum - 2.

Vishwas was tipped that out of four, two men have left a day earlier, and other Scania van is still in the hotel. Some cow herd was crossing the road suddenly frightened by the fast-moving vehicles. Driver applied sudden break. Villagers saw lot of cartons inside the vehicles. In the next village, they saw that the passing vehicle was overloaded with boxes.



Next day evening, Duke and told Vishwas that Kamalsaa and the strangers had a fight inside their Royal Hut. At the height of argument, the visitors showed guns to Kamalsaa, and they wanted him to come to his summer resort in the other part of the city. That day evening, Kamalsaa called the resort and told the employees to leave the building. The reception officials saw the strangers holding the gun in their hand while moving out with Kamalsaa. Vishwas was tipped. Inside the car for something, Kamalsaa protested, one guy removed his gun and kept it on his throat. Someone was closely taking a video, with his mobile, till the vehicle moved on. At 6.00 pm they reached the resort.

'Che Brigade' vehicles moved from the other directions, and they reached the summer resort an hour before. Six men parked their vehicle near highway behind the bush. Four of them, went behind broke the first-floor window. They found no one inside the building. Securities were missing. They went around the building and waited for Kamalsaa vehicle to reach. Positioning on the first floor inside balcony, they waited. From the window they saw Kamalsaa and his two-bodyguard getting down. Behind them, two north Indians were pushing them to the bungalow. "Vin Diesel and Hams Worth are here." Line disconnected.

One guy tied the hands of the bodyguards and told them to stay at the hall. Bodyguards started untying their hands. But they were steel wires and it started cutting their hands. Kamalsaa was asked to move towards the iron doors in the corridor. The strong room was opened. Six to seven cartons of cash came out. With heavy effort they moved a few boxes. They were marked with some corporates address. Six large boxes, were brought to the hall. Ammunitions! Again, they entered the iron doors and came with boxes of gold biscuits. Three large cartons of files came out and all were kept on the hall. Kamalsaa in the height of frustration, his face is pale like dead man.

One gunner ordered Kamalsaa to lift the file box and come to the vehicle. With blowing anger, Kamalsaa hit that fellow and his muscle man who had released his hands by that time held the other fellow. In a flash of second, the first man drew his dagger and slit the throat of Kamalsaa. The other man shot his bouncers with a lightning speed. One of the Kamalsaa's bodyguard who is not able to release his hands kicked the stranger. That guy was thrown four feet off and fell on the sharp edge of the ammunition box. His nose was broken, and he started bleeding. But spilt of second he jumped on to his foot. He moved fast and stabbed the second bouncer with long knife. His companion was bleeding. They slowly breathed and saw the body of Kamalsaa. It was still shaking and rolling. One of his bodyguards is already dead and the second was showing agony, sweat and immense pain in his face. The stranger took his gun and shot him on his forehead. Light had fallen and darkness covered the area as forest is dense around the building.

They did not want to waste their time anymore. Still the nose was bleeding, and the second guy did not pay attention. They started pulling one box after another to their vehicle. The large vehicle was brought to portico. Both the strangers lifted the boxes and moved to the vehicles outside. It was pitch dark outside. All the boxes were loaded, and they started the vehicle. The other man was still bleeding, and he tried to stop the flow. He went inside and took ice from the fridge and packed over his nose and came out.

Their vehicle moved a few meters. They found one of the front tyres was punctured. Both waited for one minute. Vehicle is dragging and losing its balance. They found an imminent danger. Someone is around. None was found in the rear-view mirror. It was dark and trees were moving like ghosts. More enemies likely to be in that lone jungle. Vehicle is fully loaded and moving the vehicle without changing the tyres is ruled out. Some enemy shall still be waiting to shoot them

from the bush: Trained criminals, with no sense of fear or shock. Left to them, they will burn the vehicle, leaving no evidence or trace. They started closing the window glass.

Small rustle, the driver found a shape blade piercing through his throat. On the other side, the wounded ruffian skull holed with a silencer. They collapsed in their seat.

Dukes mobile vibrated. Message *"bring your vehicles inside."* The head light of Kamalsaa vehicle was off. Duke saw his men. Coming out of the bungalow. In Two minutes, Scania tyre was changed. two vehicles started moving out towards National Highways.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 12

### FOR JUSTIFYING THEIR CRIMES,

Pranav Upanishad looked in that ruined home from the windows. Perhaps no one lived in recent years. Seem to be safe. New village, I am a stranger. Villagers will be curious know the new dweller. Perhaps some may intimidate the local authorities or police. Without thinking all these dangers, Vishwas would not have sent me to this location. He did not want to spend his time with belly full of conceptions. Lock was new and key, located on the second pillar on the veranda. It is built much far away from the other hutments. It may be the forest rest house for the old-time forest officers. The village on the other side seems to be short of visitors. No roads, electrical lines are crossing the village, but no one seems to be having home line. He crossed that way; many houses are partly ruined yet that was the living place for some unknown citizen of India. He left his luggage in his new hole.

He once again looked around, No one is visible. But house is neatly cleaned and washed. He does not bother whether he is in the right location. Too tired even to undress. Calmly he slept like a dead wood. He is not an underworld, or a criminal jumped from the hands of law. Yet, the law trails behind him and he is fugitive on the run. Roydurg police had listed him as absconding, without any investigation or search. Swarsaa men are hunting him.

The police were waiting for an occasion like this. Framing him in or driving him out. But nexus between him and the act of fabricated crime was not perfectly matching. So, they had a difficult time to get an arrest warrant. An invisible crime force is operating in that jungle city. After his entry in Roydurg, Police has become panicky, because till that date, cases were manipulated according to the direction of the police. Judges were passing orders based on created evidence and stock witnesses. Accused too used to have a lawyer, who will appear in the last scene and plea mercy on the culprit, with tears in his eyes. He as usual will get his fees from both sides.

Three days back, they were able to link him through a remote chain of events, when three men were mercilessly stabbed and killed in their own posh resorts. The dead men Kamalsaa and his two bodyguards. These satraps or mini monarchs, do have their own territory marked. Those Blood hounds, many will address them- Zamindars. Zamindari system was abolished in the nation seventy years back. Now, police linked him to those murders. Perhaps, they were not able to follow that mystery. Murdered were found out, murdered area so many blood clots and fingerprints on the fridge. They did not touch Viswas. They know, if he is arrested in this case, DSP will not be available, or his wife will not be available to sleep that night. Pranav, however, had to go underground, till he breaks their felony, again through judicial system. Pranav told, Viswas, that Police will run behind him for a few days and turn clueless. But next day they arrested two men.

Police were finding tough to get an arrest warrant against Pranav, even though the message floated in the police circle, that they had warrant. All cock and bull stories were in their report made one senior head constable to tell DSP, that his witch hunting will be going to re-bounce on him. Charged persons are dangerous Maoist. The police prepare documents putting all Maoist slogans and theories to make their accused a potential terrorist. One judge told in open court that these complaints once read in ten cases, they themselves will be radicalised. No Mao red book or Marx Das capital is needed to turn as communist. Privately one constable admitted confidentially, all these theoretical languages was drafted by one of the arrested Maoists, who inserted their political ideology inside the complaint language for 16 to 18 pages. According to police, Marx writings or Maoist quotations or Castro's speeches are outrageous writings. Intentions to provoke the youth and stir local riots and violence. Along with 18 pages front one page and last one page to conclude linking the accused, were made ready.

Police were aware, because of them, the rapes, brutal torture to the landless peasants, liquor distribution, drugs sales and land grabbing by the rich landlords were drastically destroyed and ultimately feudal regime is ruined. Many rogue landlords were tried in Kangaroo court and punished. Some burnt the documents signed by the tribals and no claim agreements were signed by the money lenders. Many met the death sentence for heinous crimes. Kangaroo court needs no lawyer, no paper evidence, no witness examination, and cross examinations. Many Gang leaders and many rich land holders ran away from the region. But both the groups did not enter Indian courts for justice for long years.

Most of the big landlords saw Pranav as a Maoist. But his legal struggle confused them. His fight in the court and legal system itself made them nervous. Rumours were planted that he is the chief ideological teacher of the Maoism. Training armed tribals to terminate the rich in and around at any time. Now, the police and home ministry came with a new fine title for him, "Urban guerrillas". As a brand ambassador, he was still walking among them and meeting them in every court hall. Their bullets are having a natural urge to enter his chest.

Now one of huge banyan tree is cut down. Kamalsaa is brutally murdered. Privately doctor said that he was alive for two hours with that slit throat. That sent a chill sense in the nerve of the whole family. Anyway, Pranav did not want to be too heroic and enter the police trap. Court defence is more important to save his colleagues. He cannot sit in jail and file the papers. He had escaped. Going underground is also a thrill. No mobile, no ID cards, no credit card, no private vehicle, no relatives home, no daylight movement, no stay more than four to five hours in one place, no public restaurant-it was fantastic journey.

His senior lawyer had filed anticipatory bail at High Court. From this remote house, no news will reach, nor humans will interact. He shall rebound. His friends confirmed that conspiracy is

hatched to finish him in an encounter or shoot and bury him deep in the jungle, the moment he is taken into custody. Within the jail, it is not as safe as it was thought of. Many convicts were stabbed or crushed to death. And a usual medical report will be printed of heart attack without any block in the dead man's arteries. State police recorded that he is one among 17 Terror brigade leaders. They released his photos, with unshaved face. Perhaps they morphed a little to help the informers to track him easily.

Name:	Pranav Upanishad s/o Maho Upanishad
Place of Birth:	Druvahalli, South Canara dt.
Qualification:	M.L. and Ph.D. in Law -
Practicing in Roydurg-	district courts and HC Karnataka
Age and height:	32 and height 6 feet, slim well built.

His attention was diverted, finally opened the doors. An unpleasant tough voice from behind called him. Instinct of defence made to turn fast to confront the enemy. A well-built man with a gun on his sleeves.

*"Upanishad"*

*"Pranav, yes" He recognised.*

*"Yes, Pranav Upanishad, the famous criminal lawyer, Roydurg, escaped from being arrested!"*

*"Dhananjay Shrivel?"*

*"Correct, hi, are you comfortable?" He looked around and started laughing.*

*"Sorry man in urgency the house is not cleared. See Pranav, here nobody will dare to make any enquiry about you. But, if police, is behind you, pack, run to that jungle. I will send runners to help."*

He dropped the two bags, *"One more set of dress and your food for the day."*

*"you said, if police track, I have to run into the jungle. You mean that someone from this village will tip up?"*

*"No, Pranav, these villagers do not care for the police or government. Rather, they hate. Many comrades had come over here and stayed for months. They used to mingle with villagers freely. I.G. Special Wing camped here and threatened the villagers that the whole villagers will face a Mass Punishment if they fail to report, presence of any Naxals. One villager got up and asked, if they report, another group of Naxals will come shoot them down, will police come to save them?" I.G. face reddened. Another villager got up and told, "What is the 'Collective Penalty' Sir? Now itself we undergo torture by your department and your Zamindar's brutality. What more torture you can execute?"*

*"Can you be worse than devils?" another shouted.*

IG got up with anger. Senior officer came in front of them and requested the villagers to be silent.

*"Leave him, we are not sheep. More and more bloodshed in this remote land is not new to us."*

Officer turned to IG and calmly told, *"Sir, Last one year there are seventeen killing in this region, not even one was brought before the court by our department. We are blamed as culprits in the press council. These locals were hardened to defy all authorities. If we provoke, more than hundred in these tribal villages will take arms against us. High Court had given direction to Human right commission to submit a report on atrocities on tribals at Shivalik and other five villages. Do not make them to lift guns."*

IG was puzzled. *"Where do they get so many arms?"*

*"One year back they looted the forest house of Mr. Kamalsaa and got forty AK 47 and ten boxes of bullets. Seven rocket launchers and 200 hand grenades."*

*"How you know that?"*



it is people, people who toils and make the wealth grow. Pranav told him, “ *You speak different patriotism and different economy. No body taught us in the college, the theory you speak. Yet highly rational. We must refine the brains of a nation, to accept.*”

Pranav loved Roydurg, their company and their relentless struggle. He slowly brought them to the judicial system than resorting to action of punishing in their people’s court. Viswas Prasad is a communicator between him and the victims. Viswas used to tell that all DNA samples of these guys are in the Police Labs. He recollected that they had collected his sample too, after arrogantly attacking him in police custody.

Seventy years of freedom has brought no relief to most of the remote regions. People’s war against the Zamindars still on, in many dimensions. Most hungry political leaders are alternative menace to the peace. Surprisingly, in the depth of the forest, some tribals are still with bow and arrow. Evacuating the tribals from their habitat to start corporate mining operations are turning them to an armed struggle. Many highly educated youths have joined them. Pranav’s father told him, it was arrow and bow, later country made rifles of 4 to 6 feet rifles. Now most of the tribals are also trained to buy modern arms and fire missiles or rockets. Most of them are plundered from the Zamindars, police and Reserve force. They never bought them. The new generation of radicals, christened as Maoists are now with them in the same jungle. Police Action force is afraid to enter thick jungle.

Pranav lifted his eyelids. He was trying to avert the sleep. He had strong sense that someone is following him. When Dhananjay went for the tickets, he saw two were moving behind him. The moment he purchased, they moved to the counter breaking the queue and demanding ticket to Roydurg. The conductor in the counter told them to go behind. One guy took some ID and showed that him. Without protest he issued the ticket. He recognised them when they climbed on the bus.

Dhananjay saw them and got the scent. Police informers or CID in Shivali. The purpose is to arrest or create trouble to Pranav before he reaches Roydurg. High court has blocked Roydurg police from arresting. Shivali police can file a case against him on some ground and detain him. To prevent him from attending the court some plot is hatched. Dhananjay phoned Viswas. He moved toward their seat and sat on the third seat. The police were shocked. Next move, Dhananjay called three to four formers who were travelling from Shivali. Those guys said that they are going to Roydurg for submitting a memorandum to collector. They were from Farmers’ union of Shivali. One of them, the Secretary showed the letter to Dhananjay and asked him, whether the letter is drafted correctly. Dhananjay pointed out Pranav and told them to give it to him. Dhananjay turned to the policemen and calmly asked them, why they are following. They looked blank. After a few minutes one fellow opened his mouth. In Basavaraja town a gang is waiting to attack. They said that they are directed to watch the scene and report. They were supposed to be silent spectators. Police, knows who Dhananjay is. Dhananjay got up and sat in the front row.

It was about seven in the evening. After six to seven villages, when the bus stopped for a tea. Ten fellows got inside the bus, started pulling everyone. They went straight to the policemen and shouted at to show- who is Pranav. Police were looking at the Farmers’ union members, who got the scent. Drivers and other passengers were terrified by the entry of the gang. But to everyone’s surprise, Dhananjay and Pranav vanished.

Ten minutes after the Secretary to Farmers Union got a phone call. Dhananjay told him of that they had skipped from the bus, along with the villagers who were getting down from the front door. Their car picked them up to Roydurg. Secretary told them about the gang and their threat to the police. In fact, secretary phoned to Basavapura Farmers' union and police. In five minutes, fifteen guys jumped into the bus and seeing them the gang flew inside the jungle. The bus moved to Roydurg. It crossed Sandburg. Another 8 to 9 kilo meters.

Closing his eyes, Pranav Upanishad while moving towards Roydurg travelled back to his early times. His lovely days in this semi-urban road, with beautiful bliss of the nature and thick forest on one side.

The local Satraps found entry of lawyer Pranav, a new bane. They know him from the childhood. They knew his grandparents, his parents, who never bowed to these local Sardar. Savandurg is neighbouring village. He used to attend his high school there. Six to 8 kilometres, he walked with the friends till 8<sup>th</sup> std. It was the time; he had a very few friends of upper caste. Around him he had Dalits a bunch of the lower caste. He always joined them to move to high school. Many times, local upper caste landlords persuaded him, threatened him, their sons used to condemn him. But none dare to touch him. They are aware anything they do will land them in jail. Pranav's parents started funding the trusts for the schedule caste children education. When Pranav's father tried to get school upgradation in Roydurg, local zamindars never allowed the higher education to spoil their power, at Roydurg. The application to provide higher standards were removed at district education officer level. It took six years to finally get the permission.

Pranav left to city for college studies. His grandfather was an ardent religious Hindu: Pious and holy, much detached from wealth. He was a scholar and sage. Quoting from Upanishad he wrote in Sanskrit, in one of Pranav's dairies.

***“Whoever abandons his Pride, his attachment  
to worldly goods, grow identical sense with all things  
on earth, needs no other virtues, here.”***

Pranav never thought that teachings on holy scripts will land him in the radicalize social environment to fight against the rich orthodox land holders: To take the cause for the rights of the poor peasants and tribals in that region. The state on the fair recommendation of the higher caste, included him in the animal kingdom by calling '*Urban Guerrilla*.' That raised a small doubt about his actual physique. He often looked at face in mirror, it was fine and attractive to girls! Whenever, any beautiful lady crosses him, he was curious to know about their reaction. A smile was an acknowledgement of his Mache look. Perhaps, they were not informed about his titles. He was slightly obsessed with that brand. Later, it became his favourite as he found that hundreds of Indian Intellectuals and revolutionaries were given that title, like Padma Bhushan, Padmasree so on.

His class war, as his friends used to call often, fought in the courts. Rapes, maiming, stampeding of basic human values, beating to death, dispossession of lands, all atrocities to schedule caste, tribes have become his battle ground. Police force found a real enemy but were afraid to near him. Slowly, he was building an invisible iron wall around him. People, who cried for relief, now found a saviour. Police and judiciary treated rural rustic class, as animals of the western gnat. First time, the city awoke to hear, the molested or raped young women started complaining. Women's rights movements are entering in the arena. They started spitting in public against the rich demons. War against injustice, in that region was no more tolerated. It sent a shock wave to the classical molesters, ruffians, and mini czars, when their names started appearing in media and

magazines with full tales of atrocities. Working women association took birth and more than 200 women assembled on the first day. Men started learning decency in life more.

Pranav's father, a most pious man, with sterile honesty was undersecretary home affairs in the state ministry. Mom used to tell him that he shall see her at least once in a month. His father had to face the wrath of some state ministers as Pranav became their thorn. Under Secretary, publicly told that he has no right nor control over Pranav. But privately, his father held wife's arm and told, '*Sacrifice your own interest for the sake of your family, sacrifice family for village, village, for the cause of nation and sacrifice everything ultimately for Atman.*' *I am proud of my Upanishad.*" He was proud that his son is following the scriptures of the Manu-smriti. While telling this, his mom cried, "*As Adi Sankara, come to me, at least, at the last moment.*". When Pranav heard, he hugged her and told, "*Ma, I am not a saint like Adi Sankara. Neither, I have renounced my worldly bonds, nor determined to keep away from all attachments. I am not able to tolerate the way our hapless people are treated as worms.*" Her eyes were drenched when he related the sufferings of his clients.

*"You live for them. for your long life, every minute, I will pray, even after my departure"* - her words will often be heard in his brain. He could not meet her, When she in her last moments. Departing soul longed for her son's presence in the last second. But not. When he rushed home, she was in the state of eternal Bliss. From among the funeral pyre, amidst the sounds of chanting of mantras, her voice is heard, '*You live for them, for your long life, every minute, I will pray even after my departure.*' Amidst the flame he saw her. Mother- to him, she is immortal. May be, her invisible soul may be praying eternally. Someone put his hand on his shoulder. His dad, slightly hugged him. Pranav's silenced emotions broke. He could not control himself.

From a few steps Sheona, watching this, wanted to hold him. But he saw her controlling herself. She is trying to reach him. Suddenly he woke up. The car halted suddenly. Police check post. A line of 15 cars is standing. Two buses were moving unchecked. Vishwas understood that they are chasing Pranav. It was dark in that jungle road. Police were concentrating more on the four wheelers.

Pranav and Viswas coolly walked back a few steps and climbed in a Luxury Sleeper Volvo bus, through the front doors. The driver, they found was standing on the other side and smoking cigarette. They went to the rear side and found a few vacant births.

Without disturbing the silence, they climbed on the births and lied on the vacant berths. Boringly, one constable got inside. He tried to use the flash. The lady in the first berth shouted "*senseless idiot*" at him. Man was taken back by her language. Her husband protested. Driver came up and saw the constable causing nascence.

*"Sir, all are from Bangalore, no one got in after that. I am yet to park for tea"*

Without a word, the police moved forward, switching off his torch. The police, coolly walked to the end and found that all the inmates are in sound sleep. Stepped down and gave signal to the bus to move. Dhananjay car proceeded in the queue.

*"Sir, your ID please."*

Dhananjay gave his visiting card, "*Raj Srivasta, Asst. Commissioner, Income Tax, Bangalore Circle.*"

The inspector stepped back and returned the card with a salute.

*"What for this?"* Assistant Commissioner Asked.

*"We had information that some Maoists are moving with arms in some four wheelers."*

*"What a vague information, Inspector?"*

*"It is O.K., But what an idiocy! None of you are with some stengun or revolver to catch men with guns and grenades? Are you going to catch them with empty fist? Is it any kick boxing? My*



god, what an irresponsible higher up?<sup>2</sup> Look at your men, dead tired, inspector. I am sorry, I am worried.”

The car moved ahead. The inspector saluted and turned back. Inspector attention turned to his men. No one was holding any weapon. He failed to notice, that the car was not having any Government of India logo. Now, his brain is filled with a grave problem.

*“Kick boxing with Naxals?”*

The luxury bus after half an hour stopped inside the city in a tea shop. Two men got down, silently moved behind. Driver was a little puzzled by the approach of two stranger from the side of his Bus. Were they, his passengers? No! When they had come near the bus. While trying to guess with confusion, two crossed him, talking with each other.

*“Viswas, I thought that police were going to pull us out of bed and going to create a scene.”*

*“No Pranav, had he caught us, we had our own plan to pull him into our bed at gun point. He would have travelled with us seventy kilometre till the forest gate.”*

None, in the bus were aware of the episode as they slept at midnight while crossing the check post and now is yet to dawn. Two minutes after the bus moved, Dhananjay car came and picked them up.

At early morning, the car entered Roydurg, and Pranav wanted to go to his home. Dhananjay took a villa in the large hotel and the car was parked directly before the gate. When they got up, it was 8.00 a.m.

Roydurg Police lost their track. The magistrate court started by 11.00 a.m.

**Pranav Upanishad vs state of Karnataka** is listed as first case.

Pranav was not available anywhere. Police was frantic to get hold of him outside: No trace.

Justice came out of his chamber and sat on the seat. Two minutes after, from the same chamber, the court registrar appeared and placed the High court order on the table. Police found that Pranav was yet to reach, they were looking at the face of the judge. Judge gave a copy to public prosecutor, and he called the police and showed the whole order. DSP Samraj is stripped of all powers. Investigation is ordered.

From behind, after five minutes an advocate came from the chamber side and bowed before the judge and went to his seat. Nobody noticed much. All were waiting for Pranav to break the cordon of police and to enter the court room. DSP Samraj was looking at the entrance of court still to track Pranav’s entry. He turned to see, the proceedings.

“Your Honour, I am placing an application for bailing out, two of my clients, who were falsely implicated by the police of Roydurg” a clear and powerful voice made the DSP to turn. He saw Pranav Upanishad, who, in his court dress, was standing and looking at his face from the seat.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 15 RAVINDAR ON KAMALSAA MURDER

Murders of 1. Kamalsaa 2. Kunwar Singh 3. Viran CRPS 4500 OF 2019 STATE VERSES RAVINDAR AND JOSHI and others.

Justice Krishna Iyer took the seat. He took a bold decision to smuggle lawyer Pranav Upanishad in his car and released him inside his Chamber. Another day of torture and travail. He strongly believed that something a permanent curse has befallen on this court. But his predecessor told

that it is third generation of sinner's paradise. Justice bowed his head for two minutes and silently prayed.

**Case CRPC No 4500/19 between the State vs Ravindar and Joshi and others**

FIR: murder of Kamalsaa and two bodyguards Kunwar Singh and viran on June 24<sup>th</sup>, 2019, night. Murder traced and reported by the family on 26<sup>th</sup> Jan 2019-at 2.00.p.m.

Place of murder: Swarasaa Rest house called summer palace - 4 kilometres from Roydurg. Murder took place at 6.00 or 6.30 P.M. They tracked Kamalsaa's last mobile call location. Complaint by Swarsaa accused that the possible suspected are Ravindar and Joshi. Both are members of Che Brigade.

Police had swung into operation to search for the possible suspects and criminals and their allies. They recorded in their FIR. Ravindar and Joshi, both are brother living in Roydurg. They belong to an unlawful radical organisation called 'Che Brigade'. This armed wing is known for acts indulging looting, arson, breach of law, inciting violence and involved in the conspiracy against state. Government is already kept its members under surveillance. Many times, the members of this groups were arrested, cases filed and jailed.

*These two, a. with a motive*

*a. to create terror among the locals,*

*b. with a political revenge*

*c. for financial gains by looting the summer palace*

*d. to annihilate the members of nationally reputed family of Mr. Swarsaa*

*e. Police suspect that Kamalsaa is involved in rape and molestation of Shivali, their sister one month back. No police complaint was filed by them.*

*These two culprits entered the summer palace and brutally killed Kamalsaa and his two bodyguards. In the investigation, they refused to admit their heinous crime of murdering Kamalsaa. We have substantial material evidence and human eyewitness to this crime. We will file the charge sheet later. No bail shall be entertained as the criminals are dangerous, murderers, will destroy the evidence. More number involved in this murder is to be arrested. Culprit shall not be allowed to go scot free."* Public prosecutor sat back.

Judge looked at Ravindar and Joshi. In the custody, police had given all kind of brutal treatment. He can see that. From the PP's version, it is very clear that they had not admitted anything. So, the burden is falling upon prosecution, to continue.

*"Did you hear the statement of public prosecutor Mr. Ravindar and Mr. Joshi. Do you admit the charges?"*

Ravindar's lips were torn off and his teeth were full of blood. Joshi was swooning and not able to stand. They were not able to hear properly, and eyes were reddish. Letter has gone to Human Right Commision.

*"Your Honour, I would like to make a statement to be recorded by you."*

PP got up, *"let them say yes or no. Not to allow any statement at this stage."*

Joshi repeated, *"Your honour, we shall be allowed to make a statement in this open court. Because DSP Saniraj has told that we would be killed in the custody itself if we deny the charges. So, I want you record our statement."*

DSP and PP were red faced and they looked at the face of judge. Slowly, Pranav got up and moved to the accused. He showed the typed copy of some four pages and got their signature. Some of the reporters were silently recording the proceedings.

Judge raised his eyebrow and questioned Pranav, what it is. *"A detailed statement with their photos and wounds. Your honour, their affidavit with full information on the treatment met by them in the police custody and police personnel involved. I am handing over to human right commission."*

*"O.K. be brief."* He turned to Joshi. As senior judge, he does not care for this local durbar.

*"Sir, we do not belong to any Che Brigade or Assassination groups named Aryan Nationalist Crusaders, an underground right wing membered by Kamalsaa and Swarsaa. ANC have three options, bullet, blade, blood of anyone, who oppose their philosophy. We have no link with Kamalsaa. We know well about him only through media and local information. We had heard, read that he had raped so many women, killed so many peasants and taken over the lands and he is the Slain Wing of the party. I submit the documents and evidences of his predatory records".* Pranav came forward and got two copies signed by Joshi.

*"No, No, the accused shall have no right to comment on the murdered and he has no right to submit any papers."* Public Prosecutor jumped from the seat. Pranav got up. Judge showed his finger and asked him to sit.

*"PP Mr. Sriram, Case is on the stage of admission and request for bail, you can speak and say whatever you want. The accused, still has not appointed their lawyer. They can directly argue their case for bail. Am I correct?"* Judge spoke. For ten minutes he gone through the file and came back.

He looked at the PP, *"Mr. PP, every murder is not the same in Roydurg and all the murderers were not punished. I quote an example. We shall not kill the Tiger, it is punishable. Some guy's hunts and get away with the collaboration of local forest officials. Unfortunately, animals do not have access to this legal system, am I correct? Some are caught and punished severely. Third one kills a tiger for self-defence, so law do forgive him. Fourth, some sharpshooters do go behind the man-eater and kills it as it was hunting humans. He is honoured with garland; police too participate in that function. No complaint was lodged against his act of bravery. The judiciary must take different perception beyond the law.*

*Let Joshi speak first. We must prove that he is the gunman, who shot the wild animal. You are also the part of this judiciary, and you have the same responsibility as me to protect the judiciary. Is it not Mr. Sriram? Whether will have to garland him or rope on his neck. We can decide finally. If he proves that he had killed the man-eater and not normal tiger, it is big judicial problem to pass orders. We have to prove that he is involved in murder. It is a long trial, and more things will come out. I prayed before initiating this case, that I shall live to write its judgement. Mr. Joshi, please proceed"*

The court really fell dead silence by the last remark. *"I shall live to write its judgement."*

*"Sir, they run all casino, drug rackets, huge arms storage, and Mafia wings in this region. They own more than four thousand acres of land in this region. They had grabbed and occupied the*

*forest land and training their Human Slain Wing there. Here are the photos and evidence and few statements of the escaped."*

*"All atrocities are going on, but the law is silent, the government is silent about their acts of monstarism. No law can act against them as they themselves are law. Hundreds in this region are facing ordeal want to revenge them."*

Senior judge bent before and asked, *"Why you too cannot wait, for the main petition, if admitted? See, your evidences are now forcing me to admit the petition."*

*"Sir, please admit the main petition, overruling our earlier objection If it is your honours perception, we can lead our documents even before the prosecution, we welcome. There will no better opportunity or a huge road opened for us to expose the time memorial massacre and carnage. Sir, my humble prayer. We may not live to see the day of our release or to receive the sentence. Judgement, you may write. Here there is a jungle law. We will be hanged, stabbed, or shot before your orders. I plea that we are innocent. We are not guilty of the three murders. Police wanted to have some one as culprit and we are the victims."*

Judge was chuckling and showed his fingers to heaven and scribbled on the air.

Joshi pointed out DSP Samraj.

*"DSP Samraj along with hired a local bouncer, undressed us, drove us in the compound, stopped supply of water and food, beaten us, tortured us, and even pushed us to the mouth of death. He wanted us to admit the murder of Kamalsaa. He was telling his assistants that there is no proof or evidence against us. Only voluntary admission will make the case to survive. His torture history is known to this honourable court. We appeal to the court to save us from this beast. We are falsely accused and not even charge sheeted. The very investigation itself is falsely directed to hide the original culprits. The police officers were discussing with each other's that Kamalsaa was seen leaving the premises on the fateful evening. In his car, some north Indian strangers were travelling to his resorts. They were here in Magnum 2 hotel for the past 48 hours. His brother Swarsaa himself is hiding the fact. We are as usual police created suspect. All their life history of crime will be exposed while the case comes for hearing and the witness deposition. Please release us in bail or we will die of torture."*

PP rose, *"he is talking irrelevant nonsense, nothing to do with the case."*

Judge simply waved his hand and asked him to sit.

Again, PP was about to object. Judge was irritated. *"Say now before the court, that these two were not tortured in police custody. I will get the medical records inspected by sending them to forensic experts in Bangalore. I allow them to register a criminal complaint against the DSP. After that, Your DSP will be in the prosecution stand. Why this kind of brutal behaviour Mr. Samraj? I will speak before the Human Right Commission, which is heading to our court in one hour. You shall be present till evening in this hall. Who is his next officer, he shall also be present by 3.00 p.m."*

Ravinder continued, *"Honourable Justice sir, when life threat is given by protectors of law, I am not sure whether I will be given one more opportunity to make my confession. They had executed half the death sentence for the past two days. We were partly paralysed. We were pushed to hell and kept alive as they feel that they can force this court to pass death sentence to us for three dead bodies. From yesterday they collected four thump impressions and they had forged our signatures under that to write our death declaration. Sir, we know, in this court hall, two accused*

were hacked, 11 witnesses were murdered in the past. Many came to depose were silenced or never completed their deposition. So, many murderers and culprits walked out as innocents. In this court, victims were sentenced by the offenders of crime.”

Judge bent forward, “O.K. happens, I had heard even some judges were killed in car accident. Now confine to FIR. I also getting lot of threat from anonymous groups. 840 heinous crimes cases are in the court. 200 threats have come to me. I wrote my obituary press note, my will and kept it along with my cremation deposit, after coming to Roydurg. I am happy. My previous birth papa or Karma are being washed off every day in this court. I have determined face more mental tortures and punishment so that all my sins will be washed. You do not believe all this. Forget, I am talking out of contest, I believe. I am sorry.” The Press reporters who were sitting in the gallery, looked at each other face. So, deadily open, so frank a judge!

Judge turned to Ravinder, “You are in the stand waiting for me to pass orders and I am in the seat of justice awaiting punishment for passing Judgements with conscience. You continue.”

Pranav was surprised, the way he expressed casually about the crude realities, in this court without an ounce of fear. He looked at Viswas in the visitors’ gallery.

Ravinder continued. “You had seen in news items sir. Wherever newly grown grass land is dug four feet below in the jungle, they were able to dig out one or two corpse-men women, young missing girls. Local police silently stopped this excavation of massacres. Orders were from some power lobby. But under supreme court order, a central reserve police have been sent to continue the excavations. Here are the professional killers. The ANCs, after these deeds, they walk as free born wild animals. Some of the bodies are with Assamese features and Kashmere features. Who brought them here and how they were killed, till date no investigation? Papers are here sir. Recently four men, good body builders were seen in Magnum 2 hotel of Mr. Swarsaa and Kamalsaa. They were the special guest in the Royal cottage one and two. See them along with Kamalsaa. Photos are with you.” PP and DSP faces turned pale.

“Can you see this DSP saluting Kamalsaa and behind him, these two guys are moving in the next print. Ask him, where they are? You will get an answer to the murder.” PP was shaking, “those photos are morphed, and the accused had a conspiracy to murder him, that is why these photos are.”

Judge lost his patient. “Mr. Srirani, looking at the backside, the photo, you call it morphed. I found the same photo appeared in the Durg Star daily on the next day. Swarsaa also gave interview on previous night. Talk sense.”

‘Sir’ Ravichandar again commenced. “This is right side, sharp shooters sponsored by terror wing. Not here alone, in thousands of Indian geographical locations, they run a para-army. They are not rebels; they are ruling party’s Private terror forces. They take firing training in this jungle and targets are real humans. Millions of tribals, leftist groups are conducting political struggle to free these tribals, to safeguard their human rights. Some of them were caught and shot by this group, while taking firing training. The government had branded these murders as clash between two Maoists or terrorists. Files were closed with the same foot note. ANCs are the real brutal breeds, who killed these innocent people. The two visitors are ANCs group. Kamalsaa had diverted more than 1000 crores of ANCs funds. Where he had diverted and how he received the funds are on your table. Ex No 19. They came to collect from him. No money was paid. So Kamalsaa was sentenced to death by cruel cut on the neck.”

*PP jumped from his seat, "Your honour, he is telling tale. Rs.1000 crores, some name ANCs and so much to denigrate the family of Swarsaa. The case has a limited frame. They are the murderer, and they have to prove that they are not."*

*Justice Krishna Iyer hit the forehead with his palm. "My most respected PP, will you allow the accused to complete. You know he has hundred hours time to argue his case. He says that on the fateful day, Kamalsaa had gone to Summer Resort along with two strangers. They were missing, there were lot of blood stains other than those, who are murdered as per news paper report. These two? Did you check that? Seven days over. These two were arrested two days back, were locals. You had included the defence lawyer and he is with anticipatory bail, even before his filing of the application on behalf of the accused. You forced him to go to High Court, by misleading everyone with false information. I told in my order to attend the court. You said that it is an arrest warrant. The whole court is facing the defame because of your government's criminal acts. I may have to write the Chief Justice about your conduct and bar council too."*

*Ravindar continued, "I do not have any ideological affiliations. I am not a Maoist. I have no fancy to carry arms. I run my business enterprise with my brother as partners. We sell home medicines to save people. We sell baby products, procured from Pharmas. We have no issues nor grouse to kill anyone even though hundreds are waiting to revenge them. We are Afterall audience or movie goers. We are in the town after the crimes were done and not state actors. We had already stated that we were absent at Hyderabad for a business on that date of murder. When hearing comes, we will depose with evidence. We are falsely accused. We do not know the motive of this DSP. He has got to answer. Now his time is overrun by his multiple crimes. 50% old Roydurg crimes will be solved, and true culprits will be jailed, if this DSP is treated in torture cell like us. We are hurt, injured, tortured and brutally our human organs are damaged. We know that there is no redressal for such cruelty in this law. Even money compensations will not restore the organs that are wounded. Our will power is strong. We survive to conduct the legal war. I have the right to expose all the papers I had submitted in this court to the news world. I will, with the threat of death, will release the volumes of crime committed by the Aryan Nationalist Crusaders. Murder, rape, assault, unlawful aggression of other lands cases is pending against these murderers. Dead man is a predator. If You entrust us to them, our flesh will be torn in the torture cell. It is animal cage and not police sub-jail sir."*

*PP was shouting at high pitch. "How can they record that Swarsaa and Kamalsaa are monsters and rapist. Sir, they are lying about police torture. No torture is committed. It is too much, defamatory. Honour, you shall initiate action for such remark. Stop them, stop them!"*

*Judge tersely commented, "Mr. PP either my vision is bad, or these two culprits had beaten themselves before coming to the court. Wounds are there, torturous treatments are visual. O.K.*

*"Ravichandran, you can continue after 15 days. What you say?"*

*"Sir, we will stay in local ICU till tomorrow and will move to Bangalore tomorrow afternoon, after deposing before you, by producing more evidential documents".*

*"Mr. Pranav you can accompany your clients and I permit only the human right committee members to meet them. They will be in the court custody. They will now be sent to hospital for treatment. Police officers Rajanna and Sivaraniiah are named to provide security in hospital. You can take additional police personnels. To-morrow they will be produced by morning 11.00 a.m."*

*Pranav rose. "Yes sir, PP can initiate separate defamatory suit against my client. Our respectable friend PP can calm down. It is not you sir. It is Swarsaa and his family, the accused are pointing*

*out as running a jungle raj here. The affected can initiate separate case. Sir, it is not the role of public prosecutor. He can show his loyalty in some other form."*

He looked into the eyes of PP and said in lower voice, *"Vassals need not be more loyal than the king."*

He saw the red flame in the eyes of the public prosecutor.

Pranav turned to the judge and politely told, *"Honour, we have applied for the bail, and to dismiss the main petition. As the case has no substantial evidence, except the complaint filed by Swarsaa. Main petition can be continued separately, we have no objection."*

Judge looked at the face of Pranav.

*"Sir, investigation and litigation on the murder is a matter under sub-judicia. Suspected arrest, jailing, inhuman torture, and sporadic killing in this region are not subject matter of this case or the issue of charge sheet."*

Judge looked at the face of PP and moved the index finger from Pranav to him asking, whether anything he has got to say.

PP jumped up, *"sir, the person killed is a very reputed person and along with him two more were hacked and killed. In fact, Mr. Swarsaa life is also in danger because of these extremists. We appeal to you not to grant any bail to them"*

Judge frowned. *"O.K., judicial custody extended for another fifteen days. But both accused will be admitted in the special ward of the government Hospital. Government will bear the bill. Except their lawyer and members of the family, no one will be allowed to meet, without our prior permission. Tomorrow, they will be moved to Bangalore with police escort."*

*"Sir, police want to enquire!"*

*"Do you all know, what is law? They are now in the custody of court and anything you want; you can ask him in the next hearing. Yesterday enquiry is done in a fine manner-you have done short of killing him in the police custody."*

Pranav turned to judge and told, *"Honour, our client's lives are in great danger. They are warned that they will not return home. The torture and beating, you yourself saw. Please release them."*

*"Mr. Pranav, why you talk childishly. I already passed the order. Do not make irresponsible comments that police will kill people in the custody or encounter, even the ICU. They will protect your client as any citizen. Am I not correct DSP sir?"*

DSP was suddenly pulled from his cloud.

Without asking what, he told, *"Yes Sir,"*

*"O.K, next hearing, DSP sir, can we put it next month's 13<sup>th</sup>?"*

*"Sir, why you are asking me?"*

*"No, the court now orders the other two senior officers to take you into custody based on the application submitted by the two accused. You face contempt of court for misinterpreting this court order and trying to arrest Mr. Pranav, the lawyer. His complaint is with us. Two officers are asked to submit a report of police torture and on this act of contempt of court. You strip off. We can put your case also on that date."*

*"Gone to the police?"*



*"Yes, but I filed the name of suspects on the local 'Che Brigade.'*

*"Have proof"*

*"Told SP to create, substantial evidence, problem is."*

*"What is the problem?"*

*"The bullets, the blood drops on the floor, the hair particles, the eyewitnesses-all will lead to your two men. Two, the DSP is suspended and arrested on torture charges."*

*"Can't you build a fake prosecution against 'Che Brigade?"*

*"We had already done. Case will be very weak. But I have a hunch, that they were in this scene somewhere, I do not know?"*

*"What do you mean?"*

*"Before I traced the dead body of Kamalsaa in the summer resort, some villagers had hinted, the press that something terrible happened. One wolf is dead."*

*"What way you connect Che Brigade?"*

*"The villagers in our region are with them and they report every movement of us to Aryan Nationalist Crusaders. What they said 'wolf' is referring to us by Che Brigade every time."*

*"Do you mean to say, that our graveyards at jungle also in their reference?"*

*"Yes, perhaps; but so far, no suspicion arose in their activity. But!"*

*"What is the meaning of but? How may informers and Che groups be in your area?"*

*"More than one thousand are active and nearly thirty to forty thousand go for public meetings. Core is not less than two hundred as per police record." He stopped a minute*

*"Sir, I have a hunch, they are in possession of more than a container of weapons.*

*"My god, your contract army is almost surrounded by left extremes. They will do anything for their ideology."*

*"But why do you suspect that they are indirectly involved in this murder?"*

*Swarsaa was silent.*

*"Are you making us fool? How Che men involved in this murder - explain?" he shouted at the top of his voice.*

*"Forget it president, your money and gold have reached you, so leave it."*

*"Bastard, you bastard, not only money, but all our top-secret files are also gone. Our annumitions latest are now fallen in the hands of enemies. Nothing has reached us. That is why I called you to rush up."*

*"What?"*

*"That is the fact. Those two ANC Armed guys, who took all the money and paper as per your version, never turned up to the headquarters. They had not crossed your city border"*

Swarsaa face turned pale. His hands were shivering. He fell on the chair. His nerves in the forehead started beating. Fifteen minutes he was not able to recover from the shock. Weapons, grenades, rifles, money, secret documents-all fallen in their hands! Swarsaa, any day, will be tried in Kangaroo court. If his men come to know that Che Army has obtained all modern weapon, not even one fellow will walk into the jungle, including the forest rangers. What has he got to do? Sign his death warrant himself!

President looked like a beast. He started moving here and there.

In a controlled voice he again repeated.

*"Why you have a hunch that Che group might have involved in the murder, other than our men?"*

Swar finally opened his mouth.

*"When my brother's body was kept for public to pay tribute, many of them casually passed on, paying respect. In that crowd, a lady about twenty or twenty-two came. To all our shock, she went near the body and spit at the face of the dead body in front of the whole mourners. Our men got up. Kamalsaa driver pulled them down and told them not to react. I was also madly annoyed. I signalled the driver to come near. He whispered that he would talk privately. We went out."*

*"Sir, this lady is the sister of Ravinder and Joshi. They are Che Brigade. Recently, I was told by Kamalsaa, to park on the next lane and wait for him. Your brother walked back to that lady's house. He forcibly molested her. She tried to knife Kamalsaa. But he escaped with a deep wound on the hip and hands. When she was slapped, she fell unconscious. Kamalsaa coolly walked out. Her brothers were not in town. She did not lodge police complaint. Her bothers might have taken revenge. I asked my driver, why he has not reported this to me. He did not respond. I again slapped him. Still, he tried to be dumb."*

President was in his peak of pressure.

*"Tell me why?"* I shouted.

*I held his collar, slapped him asked once again. Driver pushed my hand, told me with contempt, "Sir, rape, molestation, and execution of human beings, breaking of hands, legs and crushing humans under your feet is your family culture. How many graves of the unknown are in the jungle, you know? Which crime we can talk or where to report? In this brutal town, we shall keep our mouth shut as dumb, see nothing like blind and hear nothing as though deaf. Your brother told me that I shall not open my mouth about this incidence."*

Swarsaa told that after that driver was never seen.

President was totally stunned. He turned to window and looked at the vast arched. He minds started listing the crimes, he fathered. Ancient time, the crimes and curse of the sins of the citizens will be borne by the king. President mused; the god shall create a separate hell for him with more cruel unimaginable punishments.

Rapist, thieves, land grabbers, crooked, contract killers, rogue elements, conspirators, terror forces, scamsters-all-inclusive has formed a noble cultural organisation Aryan Nationalist Crusaders. What a great movement it is?

If there is one more avathar of God, it will only be, to annihilate ANCs, who have become the predatory beasts among human races. The goddess of land is bearing all these sinners still. Pain struck in him.

He looked down at his attire. It was saffron.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER 17

### COURTS ARE SLOW TO PUNIS

PP and DSP rushed to the bungalow of Swarsaa twenty minutes after the court adjourned.

*“Idiots, too hoots to your investigation. When I told you that these two guys were the murderers? Shit, all brainless job you did, you arrested them. Now, you have shit evidence to prove. That fucker judge says that you shall ensure safe bed rest for them. Go and provide them two pros, Whisky, brandy, mutton, beef all for the night. My entire ARYAN NATIONALIST CRUSADERS spit at me. We face a grave humiliation from these bloody swine Maoists. We blabber, we are the Government, and we are in power. Our fame and images proved to be unwashed ass, stinking every where. You should have left them untouched till I come back from Jaipur.”*

Public Prosecutor slowly opened his mouth.

*“Swar Sir, please hear me for a minute. These two guys are the real killers. They have bogus proof being outside the state. Think, much evidence does not match. Problem is in our sides. The state has appointed one Mr. Aravind a special officer on Deputation at the DSP rank. He reports only to headquarters. He joined long back to handle the Sivali Rape case. Now, he has collected all evidences in this murder also. Kamalsaa was drunk while he was killed. We also come to know that two of his bodyguards were tied with iron wire, before they released themselves. Blood drops inside do have nothing to do with these two accused. When we arrested, they had no wounds except some fresh scratches, while resisting the police.*

*The doors were opened with key by Kamalesh and five men had gone inside. Some two men entered along with Kamalsaa. Their boot marks were matching that of two men who were residing in the Royal Cottage of our hotel. In six hours, he had collected several evidences and posted them to forensic department. Kamalsaa had the key to strong rooms. We had to silence the press first. We thought, we can get 30 days time of police custody and build up the evidences. One issue is haunting me. Why this Oldman, the magistrate is refusing to hear you?”*

DSP interluded, *"Sir, print media had come with whole story of the day. The information also leaked that Ravindra and Joshi were not the real culprits. If we do not do our duties and give a public statement, it will become a big hot public debate."*

*"Shut you stinking ass, fools, hear whatever I tell you is the final word. Had you left them free, by this time, their body will be in that Aroor jungle, you know how we deal. Those wild dogs will be eating even their bones. Here, I run the government, they are writing its orders, shame. Next week, you search for a school admission for your son in Savaged or Kalakoda, your native place. I do not want you to be here. Your ass will be in fire for entire 12 months and no water. Go."* DSP walked out.

He was commenting in murmur to PP, *"Better I quit this hell. The other place with all the burning heat, an inferno, is far better. I am already suspended, better I get back my job in the remote volcano."*

Phone rang, *"Swar, see Channel V 4 U fast"*. Channel opened. What is waiting for them, both went chill?

Face is vaguely visible. *"Sir, we do not belong to any Che brigade or Assassination groups named Aryan Nationalist Crusaders membered by Kamalsaa and Swarsaa. Kamalsaa had gone with some white guys on that day evening. All you know and even in Police investigation report, my words are there. Press investigation says that 80 to 90 crores of cash can be kept in the secret chest. That is missing. Police had taken no pain to trace them. By investigation, huge cash in 80 to 90 crores origin, ownership, taxability will open a huge crime story. True Cause of murder will come"*

*"We have no enmity to kill them. Hundreds are waiting to revenge. We had already stated that we were absent at Hyderabad for a business on that date of murder. We are accused falsely, charges fabricated. They for some reasons allowed the real culprit to escape. Filing false cases, fabricating forged documents, producing fake eyewitness are the qualitative habit of Mr. Sriram. PP. Once more he did this here in our case. He must be hiding the name of real culprit for various reasons. His master might have told."*

The whole deposition was recorded.

Swarsaa was breathless and his hands were shivering, body started sweating. He cried aloud *"Mithun"*

Mithun ran in and Swar was pointing out the channel.

*"Yes sir, they are scrolling for the fourth time today. More channels are releasing this video."*

*"What you were doing, Moran? Why have you not stopped this?"*

*"Sir, you were in the meeting at Bhopal and in flight. You entered with these two for a private discussion. I thought it was your idea."*

*"O.K, stop your story, stop all the news channels from releasing, go!"*

*"V4U, Hi Vibash, Swarasaa secretary, Mithun- stop scrolling the court video. Boss is in boiling state. Vibash, you be alert, beast is roaring."*

*"O.K, I will be careful, it is already in five channels, Mithun"*

*"Who took the video, he wants to know?"*

*"I can tell you, but I must close the studio once for all. Your boss has invested Rs.1.2 crores in this project. Do you want the videographer's name?"*

*"Someone from the right-hand side of DSP has taken this - am I correct?"*

*"That means some police investigation teamwork? Now a days, they are the best videographers. We pay them even one lakh. O.K. stop researching, I will call others. Censor our conversation to your boss."*

*"O.K.O.K I take care."*

*"Mithun, shall I give you a hot news-very hot, if your boss come to know he will sense that his hand is 360 degrees twisted."*

*"O.K, shoot. But I will not talk to him. He will fire me."*

*"When Kamalsaa was killed, some group looted the house, and they took away huge bundle of document of an organisation called Aryan Nationalists Crusaders. Selected pages were circulated only to two or three channels. One guy told me that he is afraid of holding it. I asked him -why?"*

*One document belongs to one terror NGO, attached to ANC. All their protocols and directions are completely secret. Now stolen document is exposing all their secret deals."*

*"What will be the implications?"*

*"Mithun, this Crusade had planted bombs, derailed trains, desecrated religious places and blazed the cities. Many times, in the name of riot and arson, destroyed the shops, factories, grainy lands of the owners of other religions.*

*"Do you say that those unidentified bodies that were excavated from the Jungle are..."*

*"Yes, they are members of the same political wing of ANC. Or known radical damaging their image."*

*"Yes, Time has come for you to slip out of the cave. Mitten, problem is not when both are in the glory of power, but while falling he may try to give as many as the sacrifice goat. There is a saying, if you and the beast are hungry, the beast is the last one to starve. You are nearest to the beast."*

Heart froze a minute to Mitten.

Beast did not rest. Courts are creeping slow to pass orders. He is not.

=====

## CHAPTER 18

### In the regime of Tyranny

COURT sat at 10.00 a.m. Judge was happy that the two suspects were brought alive to the stand. There was no fresh wound and their health improved. They must move them to Bangalore as per High Court order.

*"PP please proceeds."*

*"Your honour, this case is taking an ugly turn of accusing more of the hapless victim Kamalsaa and these accused are speaking cock and bull story. Kamalesh had thousands to follow in this region."*

*"Genghiskhan too had lakhs to follow- historian call him the destroyer."* Joshi sharply reacted.

PP looked at him sharply, *"Mind your language, I will file defamation."*

Joshi mockingly responded, *"Sorry sir, I never knew that you would file defamation on behalf of emperor Genghis khan. Please do, I want to see that trail too. One cannot conquer, what one fear. File defamation under criminal law."*

Judge was looking blankly, not willing to interfere. PP went to his seat to bring evidence to substantiate.

Judge was looking at him and started noting down something in his file. Pranav who reached the podium to hand over claims of some people to the judge. His hands slipped and his papers fell deep on the ground. He bent below to pick up. Pranav found one sheet slipping down on the floor in the blow of the fan. He bent and went under the clerk table.

There was commotion in the court. Two hefty men with sten gun entered and reach the front line. Their weapon started emitting bullets. Both Ravindar and Joshi with multiples of hole in their bodies instantly slipped and their soul parted. The whole audience were frozen for a few minutes.

One tall guy was searching for Pranav. They found that the judge was missing, even from the second they entered the hall. Tall guy shot randomly on the judges table and wall. The other guy now aimed sharply at Pranav and bullet cracking the edge of the table hit him on the shoulder. He rolled and stumbled down. Fortunately, the table blocked the target. Thinking that his target is hit, In a flash of moment, the two rushed towards the entrance. Turning back, they threw tear gas bombs and bolted that from outside and sped away. With harping pain, Pranav got up from the floor and looked back at his clients. The whole body of both were pierced by row of bullets. By luck, he was saved because of his imbalanced movement and fall between table and judge's podium. The Judge, every nerve was shaking, heartbeat was thudding, and face has gone pale. His death was delayed by two minutes. He was going through the file. First bullet hit his thick file and it was falling. Not knowing it was falling because bullet hit, judge bent down to catch that. His high table stood as shield against the bullet spray. He saw it as a miracle of lord. He escaped from the mouth of death by the fall of file of papers.

He started reciting Mrithunjaya Manthra. He regained his control. Looked around and found the whole hall is filled with smoke. He ordered all the visitors not to move from their seat. The constable was directed not to allow anyone to move or touch any part of the entrance as the shooters had no hand gloves and touched the doors and padlocks. Windows were wide opened and there was some relief. With some small pencil the outside bolt was lifted, and gates opened. Police asked the civilians to enter the next empty court hall. Four buckets of cold water were brought in, and people washed their eyes and face. Judge ordered that all those who were inside to be videoed before leaving and their id to be checked and recorded. He much suspected that someone had been monitoring the court proceedings and contacted the shooters. An ambulance came and Pranav was moved to hospital. Ravinder and Joshi bodies were sent Mortuary. Swarsaa saw a message. *'Mission accomplished-reward 5.00 pm.'*

Suddenly he turned behind, looked all the sides. Some voice is heard. *"You live in your borrowed times. Stop committing more sins. Here me- your blood will drink your blood."*

No one was seen behind him. He saw this in a slip, a few days back he was performing Sudharshana Yagya to ward of the sins and enemies and again. MahaMrithynjaya Homa to escape from the jaws of death. Yet, Drums of death-often heard. Few days back he opened a mirthu, the homa kunda ash. The slip was having a sentence. *'Your blood will drink your blood!'*

OO

## CHAPTER 19

### PRANAV- SHEONA

Pranav income was good, but final balance was Zero in many months. Surprisingly he found his account was having three lakhs balance. Someone has wrongly remitted. Whose generosity or whose conspiracy?

*"Madam, can you get me a statement of accounts for one year."*

*"Please take your seat",* the lady was not lifting her head.

*"Can I check my statement, there is some excess balance."*

Without lifting the head from the desk top answer came, *"Famous lawyer, so much income shall be there. What is great in it?"* It was followed by giggle.

Pranav was losing his patient, he was about to object, from the printer she removed a sheet and gave it to him. His passbook. He then saw her face.

*"You, Sheon?"*

*"Yes, what! tested your patient, Lawyer sir!"*

He smiled, *"I was about to...."* He swallowed.

*"About to what? Cannot you recognise me from the presence in few feet or from my voice, so big a lawyer?"* angrily she responded.

*"Sorry, I was having my mind in the court."*

*"that's the problem with you. You leave your brain somewhere and come to me. You leave your heart somewhere to talk to me."*

*"Sorry, all my apology, one correction. My heart I leave here not anywhere. O.K, can I sit."*

*"Sheon, someone is regularly remitting money to my account wrongly. I found three lakhs' rupees so far. I want to find out who is doing this. How to trace that? Why are they doing?"*

*"I have already traced, Pranav Upanishad. No mischief. Because, that man do not know that you have a spy in the bank. He is old man. Come on, I will show you, his photo."*

She took him to CCTV and showed an 80-year-old man slowly coming in to remit and with written challan. He was handing over the cash to Cashier. Without a word he was leaving the premises with the counterfoil.

*"That is my grand pa. Nearby village, how he has come to know of my account?"*

*"He is a long-term account holder; he can use his personal influence to get your account number to remit. A charming old man as his charming grandson. We will not be too rigid in these matters."*

*"Anybody knows that he is my grand pa?"*

*"No, not at all, except one?"*

*"Who is that?"* he looked at her. So, stupid I am. She was laughing.

*"Sheon, can you stop him remitting like this?"*

*"You know, he is signing as Pranav Upanishad. I cannot tell him not to remit and create a scene. Most of the time he will draw cash and remit, part amount. He is having more than two crores in FD accounts."*

*"Please, Sheon, he will be in danger, if he is found helping or linked to me."*

His face turned pale. He looked into her eyes and slowly spelled, *"I am afraid Sheon, harm will come them, who are close to me. I tried to avoid closeness to anyone to whom I am emotionally attached to."*

Her heart felt the pain, he is suffering. It is office premises, otherwise she could have hugged him to pacify his emotional break down. He will try to avoid her in the public places. She now understood his fear. *"Harm will come to her. She is very close to him. He is afraid"*

*"Sheon, will anyone check the CCTV?"*

*"No, I am in charge, I have the right to maintain the secrecy. Nothing came under observation of the bank as unusual. No one questioned about your bank account also. Your privacy is not tracked by any one till date. "*

*"That old man is endangering his peaceful life by meddling with me. If the police come to know, or my enemies. They will unnecessarily file a false case against him and will try to break my morale by blackmail."*

*"That is why Pranav, you didn't marry?"* He looked blank at her face. She is taunting him or needling him.

*"Yes, even though I love someone?"* He looked at her. She was smiling and her face is turning red.

*"See, Mr. Master of Law, I am sorry, Doctor of law, you know, I cannot withhold remittances to any account."*

She was silent for a few minutes. Pranav knows her very well. Some new ideas!

*"If I stop him, I need to answer my higher ups, why, why? Or your old man will raise objection. O.K. without his knowledge I will prevent him, being caught in this Web Camera"*

Pranav was looking at her face with a curiosity how she is going to do. She smiled and continued. *"Any senior citizen can get a special attention. Especially, I had given him my mobile number."*



*He has a peculiar habit. He will normally check with me before coming to the bank. My cabin side is not having any camera. I will pull him, beset him, seal and sign the counterfoil of remittance slip and send him."*

Pranav was looking at her with a bundle of confusion.

Again, she continued, *"I will send the cash in the peak hour by one to two pm, to one of the cashier cabins, along with other challans. Even if there is any investigation, facial identity of the person remitting will not be traced. He is putting your name in the remitter column. Not a problem."*

*"Helping to hide the vital information to the state! Abetment!"* Pranav laughed.

She smilingly retorted, *"Hi, we are brained, what to answer, Pranav. Remitter column is signed as Pranav Upanishad. Great lawyer, examine me in the court, I will impress the jury, that it is you."*

Pranav was really taken back. He got up and saluted her, mockingly. His tension was partly removed. *"I do not want to have second defeat."*

*"What is the first one, sir?"*

Something came in his mind, he smiled, *"Falling in love with you."*

*"But remember my friend, you shall file your return as professional income - apply your brain there!"*

*"What is the problem, I am a practicing lawyer!"*

*"Not that is an issue, most your clients are empty stomachs and BPLs. Serve them, they need you." She spoke with an emotion.*

He walked back to his office. *"Pranav serves them, they need you"* it was ringing in his brain. He stood before the court entrance. Many judges gave their compliments for his relentless fight. Her eyes were telling those words more loudly than the lips. *"Pranav serves them, they need you."* Her thought waves were mingling with his instinct.

His mobile rang, *"Can you free yourself? Time and mind both; I want to pick you up to my home. My work is over."* again Sheon.

*"Please, Sheon, I am in the court entrance."*

In five minutes, a Volkswagen came and stopped beside him. He got in. Two local ruffians who were standing near the shop noted down the number and switched on their mobile.

## CHAPTER-20

### LOVERS- GUN HER DOWN!

*"Pranav, did you convey a word of love to her at any time?"*

*"I love told her, even today I wanted to express that in her bank- I was struck up, why I do not know."*

*"What a romantic place you chose? Great Romeo!"*

*"Tomorrow, Sunday, invite her for a lunch in serene hotel. Morning, write down, whatever you want to convey and speak to her slowly, meeting eye to eye. Not looking at the roof."*

*"Here him, Future Movie director."* Those in the law chamber started laughing. Viswas who was watching the discussion, felt a warm sense. Very rarely, everyone here, are in lighter mood in life.

Umesh took the mobile of Pranav and called Sheona, *"Sheona, boss wants to talk to you."*

*"Your boss or my boss? My bank boss may be in Bangalore tight with his friends in some bar?"* Sarcastically she responded.

*"My god, Mr. Pranav Upnishad. He is my senior. Did you ever hear about him?"*

*"Oh, that waste lawyer, who does not know how to speak some sweet language to his girlfriend. Is that the man?"*

*"My god, God save my boss from you. I will give the mobile. No blade. There is a drop of blood from my ear."* From the other end the giggling noise is heard.

*"Hi, Sheona, can we have lunch in Taj?"*

*"Pranav, we mean, we too only, and not your tails, armed guards, and your assistants, especially that Umesh- is that right?"* She was laughing.

Pranav held the phone and told, *"What she wants is....,"* he was looking at the face if the friends.

Umesh loudly told, *"Blissful Ekanth! Fine! lunch or dinner with girlfriend and honeymoon with wife shall have no bear or baboons in the company - we know, we are all gentlemen."*

*"Anyway, we cannot reject your offer. We four will have our table and leave the bill in the counter saying that you will pay that, O.K.!"* From the other end she was laughing on hearing the conversation.

*"Umesh, cut short breakfast with two idlis, you are already fat?"*

*"No, Sheona, my girl friend told me that I look very handsome with my tummy?"*

*"So, somebody is ready to love bear or baboon too in this earth. God Save the Girl. Tell your woodman, I know he has invited me to lunch only on your wise counsel. Teach him to talk the way how men talk to his loving girlfriend, without spelling mistake."*

*"Spelling mistake!"* he exclaimed.

*"Yes man, when you spell a word or phrase, it shall be with passion and emotion. The man's body language will be watched by women than his words."*

*"Oh! Professor of love, teach him all to-morrow. We are unfitting."*

While going out, Viswas told that his two men will be taking lunch at close vicinity. To Pranav, they will be accidental visitors and no greetings.

Umesh asked, *"Are you worried Viswas?"*

*"Yes, the court cases are in the correct direction. India's Nationalist Party is itself worried if Shivali case results in excavation of all the rape and murder cases under the direction of High Court. It will be turned to be an indie's Rapist party."*

*"Pranav is always in danger zone. We are keeping him in the company of our friends every hour. Forty-seven guys are uniformly guarding him, and everyone is personally introduced to him, to identify and to react as per their advice. They exchange their identity often, but alert."*

*"Can we cancel the lunch tomorrow?"*

*"No, we are not curbing any of his movement. Four attempts were made, and police is silently receding. Four weeks back, CM had posted one ACP with a team, to pay special attention to assist Shivali case. Pranav knows about the threat; at the same time, he is tough and does not care."*

At 12.15 noon, Sheona was driving her Volkswagen and Pranav was beside her. In the usual manner she was making fun of him and spending a pleasant time in his closeness. He is still dwelling in his fear- how safe it is for her to be with him? Suddenly, the car slowed down. Police Corden blocked the vehicle.

*"Sir, we want to check your ID?"*

Handing over, he asked *"What is the problem?"*

*"Show me your licence?"* he was terse turning to Sheona. Sheona lost her mood and her dream of enjoying the day is lost. It was unusual to check the license, more unusual by an officer not from traffics.

Sheona opened her valet and gave it to him. He bent down and looked at Pranav. While inspecting insurance and other documents he tersely told, *"See madam, we will be shadowing you and Pranav. Remember our three faces. We have special instruction from home minister to give you protection. Local police officials are not informed."*

He returned the licence papers and one more sheet was attached with that. Pranav saw the home ministry confidential note and his visiting card.

*"Both of you give a missed call and store my number for any emergency information."*

Pranav opened his mouth, *"O.K, Aravind, can we go now?"*

*"Pranav, 10.00 p.m. tonight I will come to your home. Now you can go and have your lunch at Table No. 4 at Serene restaurant. 12.45 to 01.45 time. Right!"*

Since Shivali rape case is to be solved within one-month time. Criminals are to be punished at any cost. The ministry wants to give protection to the family, their lawyer. All are in the hit list. Local goons are blood hounds of Swarsaa family. ACP Aravind has been posted along with ten special forces. They will be directly under the Director General of Police, Karnataka.

*"You go, our four men photos, phone numbers will come in your what's app. Other than them, do not discuss with any other police officials."*

*"Thanks, Aravind."* He smiled and allowed the vehicle to pass on.

*"How do you know him, Pranav?"*

*"Criminals and criminal lawyers will always know the police officials. Criminals know how that officer will investigate and lawyer knows how he can be handled in the witness stand. He is known to me for the past two years. Bold and honest officer in the department."*

*"My god, woman can marry anybody and not lawyers."* She smiled.

*"Then"*

*"But I will"* with her seducing smile, she looked at him.

Again, the fear jolted him.

*"Is there something worrying you, Pranav, or you do not want to marry?"*

*"Yes, No! I mean yes, I am worried. Part two No, I am dying to marry you".*

He lifted her hand warmly pressed. The car reached the hotel.

Their seats were reserved in the fourth row. Slowly they paced towards their seat, hand in hand. Orders were given. One server was placing the orders slowly, kept a slip in front of Pranav and moved.

*"Ss hitmen are in this hall. Two polices are dining. Three 'Che' men are around-info. -V"*

Waiter was closely associated with Duke, Che Brigade trainer.

Aravind standing in the corridor, noticed that the hitmen are not locals. They are with tourist groups. Casual and small leather bag. There was moderate crowd.

*"Are we hear to enjoy our romanticism or for a thriller scene?"* Sheona was commenting with a cheer and spirit.

*"Sheona, you please go home. They are targeting me. Please move on."*

*"No Pranav, I do not want to part from you in this deadly atmosphere. Whatever happen let me be with you. I love the real thrill or threat."*

She placed her hand on his. His emotions are steel. Not even a slight variation in his blood pressure. He was slowly eating his roti. He saw the stranger rising from his seat. Instead of turning to his side, that man crossed him and reached the door. His every movement was being watched by Aravind and his men. One of the Viswas men at the entrance was moving among the parking vehicles, observed the stranger coming out. Casually talking over the mobile, that stranger reached the entrance suddenly, he lifted his gun and pressed the trigger pointing at Pranav. Sheona suddenly got up and pushed Pranav to the side. Bullet scratched the shoulder of Pranav and pierced through the stomach of Sheona. Aravind found that the stranger standing on the entrance was thrown behind as his bullet hit that hitman's forehead. With an alertness, he turned and to the second one who was accompanying him. Second one was shocked by the sudden fall of his companion. Without any perturbation or shock he lifted his gun to shoot Pranav. ACP Arvind's second bullet pierced his throat, and his aim was distorted. Viwas men ran towards Pranav and lifted Sheona to her car. Pranav was moved to Sheona's car, simultaneously. One fellow ran to the refrigerator and with a bundle of ice pack ran to her and pressed on the wound. When Arvind came behind them running. Pranav nodded and told that they are his friends. They told that they will take care of the victims and drove the car. One policeman was sent along with them in a motorcycle. Blood was oozing from the stomach of Sheona. Pranav's shoulder was still bleeding. One guy took some wet cloth and ice cubes to reduce the out flow. Sheona face became pale. She was holding the hands of Pranav. Yet lips were smiling. Excessive bleeding, she became unconscious. Entrance of the hospital was blocked by a huge crowd. When her car came, immediately the whole crowd parted, and people came running with stretcher. Sheona was carried to operation theatre. Slowly, Pranav was moved to the theatre. There was shouting and rattling. Roydurg, in half an hour witnessed, riot, ravage and stone throwing. Huge crowd marched condemning the attempt of murder. The whole city witnessed total black out. Special

Police force landed in six hours. With the oozing bandaged arms, Pranav was sitting near Sheona all through the night. Bullet was removed, but condition was worsening. When Viswas visited, he saw his friend in uncontrollable tears. The overanxious crowd was moving as wave and police found that they are uncontrollable.

Doctor came out of the theatre, by one 'o'clock in the morning and informed ACP Aravind, that she is sinking. Aravind came in and asked Viswas to help. Viswas came out and there were three big screens. The crowd saw Pranav with shoulder bandage was talking to some of the colleagues and DCP Aravind. Pranav lifted one hand and saluted them and told them, that he is fine. Someone in the crowd shouted, "*What happened to Sheona?*"

*"She is operated, and bullet is removed. She is weak as blood loss is heavy. Morning we will report about her. We will tell her about your love and affection to her."*

The tense moment is diluted. Yet Pranav is worried, how to answer her parents. All happened because he gave up his idea to keep away from her. Arvind was happy that he was able to have encounter with those supari groups. They were wiped out. The whole press was behind him to repeat the story ten times. Nationwide, networks gave a priority and breaking news for the thriller tale.

Arvind's phone rang up, "*Hi! My papa is great.*" His daughter was kissing the phone. He heard her giggling and running with mobile and his wife begging her to give the phone.

In the whole city rose and raised the flag of revolt. One man saw the zodiac signs of fall of his empire. Swarsha was moving like an animal caged.

*"Who are those guys? Bloody, immature actors. They sent cheap rated gang. Tell me where bodies are."*

*"Sir, it is better we keep silent than reacting."*

*"What you mean, they were also shot by those fucking police commissioner."* He took the mobile.

*"Doctor Prnadesh?"*

*"Two strangers were shot by police at Hotel Serene. Had they brought their body to your hospital?"*

*"No sir,"*

*"What about Pranav and bank officer, Sheona. I want their obituary story in another one hour. Can your people do this? Tell, that rogue, Udhbav. Any amount, I will pay. Tell him."*

*"No sir, we do not venture anything. First, three doctors have flown from Bangalore. ACP Arvind is here for the past eight hours. Except his batch, no one is allowed. One more information, he has now got a list of hospital employees, nurses, doctors who are attending. After screening them, he is allowing them inside a separate ICU. Mr. Pranav and the lady Sheona are alone in that room. Udhbav has vanished. Arvind knows him."*

*"Are you not capable of breaking the security, Idiot. When I say, do it! That bastard hides, when I am in danger. If you are finishing them. Tomorrow, your photo will come in the front page. I do not want cock stories. Got it, you fuckers."*

*"Yes sir, I will."* Doctor was sweating in the Ac room.

Two minutes later phone came.

*"Tell me, what story now"* irritated Swarsaa asked.

*"Her conditions are very critical and slowly sinking. We do not have equipment here. We must move her to the city in another six hours, sir. She is cared by four nurses and one duty doctor".*

*"Pranadesh, who wants your news bull shit, bastard, I want to see them dead before dawn, that is all."*

*"Hear me one more minute, sir, ACP Aravind phoned Director General office. A medico-ambulance helicopter landed in Roydurg helipad. Sheona is air lifted ten minutes before. Pranav is also travelling along with her".*

oo

## CHAPTER 21

### EMPIRE RUINED

Shiver passed thorough every nerve of Swarsaa, first time in his life. Kamalsaa his right and left hand gone. The massive arson and looting in the city, yester night boiled the blood of royal Zamindar. Police locally failed to arrest anyone. They know that it will result in one more unrest. Stone throwing has blocked all the Highways. All the jungle woods were heaped on the Bangalore Highway and there was huge fire. Reserve police trucks were blocked. State government clearly instructed that there shall be no police excess or shooting. Swarsaa was asked to leave the town. He refused. He was wandering as beaten tiger.

Swarsaa's wife Kirthika did not want to see his face. Shivali rape and murder of her borthers is the final straw. Swarsaa family bondage is an old tale of 26 years. She, being legal heir of old royal family had her own acquired assets. She refused to touch Swarsaa's money. She never cared to speak to Kamalsaa. Once in anger, Swarsaa shouted that he will kill her. She calmly responded, *"I am dead to you for long back, how can you kill me, again?" Secondly, murdering me is not a big crime for you. Daily routine job or hobby for your brother.*

*"Don't say I am your wife; hence, showing mercy, all such brags. Legendry Ashuras are nobler than you all. My karma, the grave sins of my birth, I entered this home. I have to pay for those unknown sins of several past birth and not one. What is written here on my forehead, let it be.*

*You do your karma! I may be 17<sup>th</sup> or 70<sup>th</sup> victim of you and your brutal brother. Others, while being killed, might have pleaded you or might have sought mercy. I am not. I will happily accept the death. By death, I abdicate my responsibility to protect you and your brother. My family is hundred kilometres from here. But I have thousands, who will not allow you to be on earth, a minute. You know."* Swarsaa was shaken and shivered. Her family is so powerful and command the respect of the whole district. They can massacre the entire army at the fort of Swarsaa, if anything happens to her. He never dared to go near her.

She would have left Roydurg 12 years back. But locals love her as Rani, as she is a royal descendent. Many times, local people pleaded with her, not to leave them as she is the only solace and empathetic human in that family. In front of her, Swarsaa will not show his brutality. He never had gone with her to any local function. The crowd used to cheer, the moment they see her. He does not know, why he is afraid of her very presence.

As usual Krithika took her basket and moved out to her temple. Everywhere, loot, arson and vehicles were burnt. In the midst of chaos her car started. DSP, who was standing at the entrance of the house, told that she cannot go out now. A TV reporter found this most striking subject. She signalled her colleague to cover up and held the mike close to Krithika, Swarsaa's wife. Krithika moved away the mike and started moving to the car. Now, the car was not allowed to move.

Calmly, she got down from the car and started walking to the temple. When she reached the street, many people moved towards her. As the crowd gatherer, DSP called the police to give her protection. She raised her hand and stopped them. She turned to DSP and asked,

*"What for protection? Had you given this to Shivali and hundreds of girls whose chastity were looted all these years. Get away, swine?"* Her anger was uncontrollable. Lady protest was so ferociously, the whole police squadron moved over to the road edge. People on her side were dump found.

*"Tell me, had you given protection to that child, Shivali? Had you given to 27 girls listed in the news today? What way I am special. Are you all not ashamed?"*

*"Madam, situation is highly tense, mob is violent, madam. Please pray from home."* He showed his hand.

*"Mr. Narayan, is that home? I also believed. But it is graveyard. I lived in that yard for 25 years. Let me go to the temple. I will seek no blessings. I am asking my god to punish me for my silence as slave in that home. Let me be on my way. Or you can do, whatever you want - beat or arrest me, chain me. Enough, for another ten generation, we have accumulated, not wealth, so much unpardonable sin, curse."*

*"Madam, please, what I can tell, sir?"*

She calmly looked at him and said, *"Go Tell Swarsaa, his wife is dead. Not now, long back 21 years"*

Her anger was uncontrollable. She moved forward. Suddenly, from the house one young girl came out running. DSP stopped her. She is Vanadurga's daughter of Swarsaa. The TV anchor went close the scene. *"Madam, your dad has ordered not to allow you to go out. City is facing unrest and arson."*

*"So, what, my mom is going there. I want to be with her."*

*"But madam, your dad"*

*"What will he do? Blood headed monster. Don't you know it's all because of these man-eaters?"*

She ran towards her mother and walked with her. The crowd, which witnessed her defiance and words, respectfully gave way and moved toward the temple with her.

In ten minutes, the whole TV stations compiled and released the snapshot at the entrance of Swarsaa's residence. The whole state saw the defiance and bold language of the lady in a public place. Krithika became home name of the whole city. One lady said, *"Durga has taken avatar now."*

SP wanted the special forces not to commit any excess against any citizen or venture any act of adventurism against Maoist. Krithika's open condemnation of her husband's home as graveyard and daughter calling her father as blood headed monster in open road gave a rude shock to the





## BASHEER TRAPPED.

This time police consulted some city lawyer, and he mailed a well framed FIR against Pranav and his group. As the whole of Roydurg was flamed for two days earlier, after the murder of Shivali, the schoolteacher. The matter came to court and government wanted to file the papers of unknown culprit. Shivali family told the judge, that they are filing private complaint and Roydurg police head DSP Samraj is one of the accused.

Court was overcrowded with number of journalists. Pranav and his assistant Umesh Naik filed 27 applications for rape and murder of young girls. Most of them with FIR copies and no action after. The Press Reporters were stunned by the breaking news. All the 27 parents came and took oath and confirmed their affidavit. Entire police force was shocked beyond imagination. Raydurg had never seen a powerful change. They suspected ACP Aravind as main mole in their department. None of the advocate raised any objection or any mention. They too were in a state of surprise or shock. One man shouted from the witness stand, **“End the Kamsa Raj in Roydurg?”**

From the morning, the department officials were suspicious of fall of some big boulder on their head over Srivali case. But they never expected that all the old Mummies will be evacuated with so much skill and silent move. In the morning Judge called his registrar and told that he shall handle all the 27 applications and number them. The applicant Vakalat will be signed along registration in the court hall as 27 families have to swear in. Justice Krishna Ayer called Arvind ACP to provide full security with trusted police officials inside and outside the court. Mobiles shall be switched off. 27 families shall be separately cordoned, and no one shall be allowed to approach them or talk to them till they complete the swearing.

*“Be careful, I have informed the Chief Justice about this, and he told me, that he will not allow any disturbance to me till hearings are over and Orders are passed. But I am not sure, Arvind, God is there. He will protect me from bullet or blade.”*

*“Sir, we have arranged special security, sir”*

Justice laughed. *“I still say, God is my special guard, till he determines, none can do anything to me. On that day, I was, below my table to pick up my case papers. You know, the bullet shot at me, pushed the file down. In a fraction of second, I bent down below the table, and I was saved from another 9 bullets. As a co-incidence Pranav had to pick up the remaining papers from his side. Pranav escaped by the same bunch of papers. So, you all were there. But He!”* Raised his both hands to pray.

*“You also do your job, man. Pray for your long life”* And moved to court.”

ACP Arvind was speechless.

As Justice Krishna Iyer entered, the court rose. The whole set of files were placed before the Judge. Prosecution got up and told that 27 cases are numbered and out of the eleven are already in the court as state filed petitions.

*“Have you filed the charge sheet? Another seven have you filed an application. Another eight have you registered the FIR? Shivali case, have you filed the FIR with suspected name?”*

Public Prosecutor did not give any reply.

He lost his control, *“My blood boils, is it Arakara Samrajya? Demons’ empire! Shameful to be in this seat? If I also fail as my predecessors, my dead body will not turn ash in the graveyard.”* The court clerk swiftly took a glass of water and gave it his hands.

*"I am sorry, I am sorry, I could not bear this beastly state of affairs. I am not bothered; I serve as per my oath or not. My Athma, my soul, will not permit me to bear this kind of injustice. I am not able to hold my tears when I read some complaints and plaints. We have children, every sin we commit will never go unpunished."* His eyes were on the public prosecutor.

*"Mr. Public Prosecutor, in seven applications and complaint the police officers are also part of the rape and murder. Three are custodial death of poor girls- they are victims in jail? You are yet to find who caused death. Four years over, am I correct?"*

*"Sir, they are under investigations and police is trying to identify the culprit."*

*"Enough, enough, I order for arrest of those suspects and accused in the complaint. None, shall escape the law."*

*"Mr. Aravind, you are the special officer. You report to me in two days, how many were arrested."*

*"Sir, 38 accused including 8 police officials are now in custody. Sir, 41 are being tracked. Three are already murdered. We will produce all others in the court in 3rd day sir."*

*"Mr. Public Prosecutor, no bail will be allowed in this court for such heinous crimes. You please keep it in mind."*

*"I am expediting entire procedures. All 27 cases will come on a common hearing date. Each case will be heard separately calling evidences, witnesses and examinations and arguments. Every third day hearing will be taken up. Directions have come from the Chief Justice that all the proceedings shall be completed in three months from this date. No postponements, no advocate will be allowed to seek adjournment. Issues are framed and evidences are recorded. Any other material evidences will be admitted during the examinations. Do both sides agree?"*

The public prosecutor objected. *"Sir, we must go through the files. And we will file our objections and then, the cases can proceed."*

Judge was furious, yet calmly reacted. *"Mr. Sriram, you have these files for the past six months and you are aware what is the case. Not an issue now. One thing more dangerous than ignorance is arrogance, it is Einstein words. On the complaint lodged by human right commission, the High Court had taken a decision to appoint alternative PP. Your licence to practice in court is suspended by High court. All orders are on my table. Mr. Jagdeesh, is the new Public Prosecutor in your place. All your files can be entrusted to him. Mr. Aravind, you can supervise the whole take over. Mr. Sriram, will you obey the direction of the court, or you want me to pass a Suo-motto orders for disobedience of higher court orders?"*

Sriram was deadly pale. He bowed and walked out of court, leaving the papers. His assistant was about to move. Arvind held and told him to hand over the chamber key. On receiving the key, he told him to wait in the hall till the new PP is introduced. That man knows that he is cornered.

Swarsaa who was sitting in the rear row got up. Basheer watched him moving out with his three bodyguard. Basheer slipped out and saw him rushing to his Ford Falcon. When sat on his front seat, he saw Basheer was taking snaps of his movements. Swarsaa took his mobile called someone.

In Two minutes, someone placed the nozzle of the gun on the hip of Basheer and said softly, *"Move"*.

Basheer lifted his hands. The said gunman softly told, *"Don't turn to look at my face, I am not handsome, walk normally, hands down."*

Forty minutes later, *“Pranav, Basheer is now confined to a small green or black building, and it is some twenty feet from the main building which is very big. He is moving ten feet here and there. That means he is confined to a room.”*

*“Sir, keep watching his movement. We are nearing the village. There will be literally a blizzard attack. No mobiles. We are switching on to wireless now”*line became dead.

Sakee is the master in Gorilla attack. He drew the picture of that area. He gave a report of the strength of the enemy. He told that more than forty-two guys, who are in weapon training camp of Aryan Nationalist Crusade private army. Trainings are given by four estranged army officers. Four of them are reported to have deserted the army. Most of the trainees are ex-convicts, escaped murderers, some bandits, and psychic killers. These are not ranked in the party or Aryan Nationalist Crusaders. Because they are specially assigned as contract killers, house breakers and violent elements to create chaos in some arson and riots. Many times, they will be in the rally of opposition party and will throw stones or even bombs on civilians to denigrate the oppositions. But periodical exercise of firearms training, grenade attack or bomb blasting is a must for them. Twenty to thirty days they will be in such camps. Aryan Nationalist Crusade had chosen seven to eight centres among thick forest, remote dry lands, and mountainous regions. Being ruffians and lumpen rogues, it is very difficult to train them on ideological conflicts. They come for money; they live or die. Money is their ideology, politics. They are contract killers. When Crusade commands, they will shoot, they will stab or set fire to any structures or plant explosives with expert knowledge. Some of the India's Nationalist Party leaders were killed at the direction of the ANC. There was no regret or queries. Billing has got to be met in crores.

Sakee drew the master plan after finding the territorial barriers. It was planned to keep four in the road as escape root and others will choose the terrace location in the south to attack the camp. Basheer isolated jailed roof was identified. All were having the firearms, AK 47, rocket launchers, hand grenades and other mod weapons. It was Kamalsaa's gift.

When they reach the higher terrace. They saw the ANB troop movement to their barracks. Sakee directed four to go left one kilo meter and right eleven. Now, they have their target surrounded. Command came in the form of first attack from the main crew. In fourteen minutes, two rocket launchers blew the barracks and whole area heard the thunder. Recovering from the shock, the army officers jumped in the pits and started shooting at the enemy. Duke saw, two watch towers. He waved to his colleagues to destroy them. One guy shot one with grenade carrier and destroyed it. While firing, his shoulder was suddenly hit by a spray of bullet. He saw three of colleagues were hit by the enemy bullets. One guy threw a bomb in front of the second tower, where lot of dry leaves were there. The dry leaves started burning and at the same time, a cloud of smoke blew up covering the whole area. Another guy now moved to extreme close and positioned himself properly behind a tree. He saw the heads of those on the tower and shot one after another. The army officers, found that they were surround by the enemies, with good war tactics. Again, another bomb was thrown on the barracks, which had gas cylinders. Twelve cylinders blasted adding more confusion and death rate. The ground forces started shooting at random. From behind, two AK - 47 started bulleting.

Swarsaa and his drivers ran towards their cars and claimed inside. Seeing them moving, one more army officer ran behind them, shouted to open the doors. Duke shot the vehicle glass. They are bullet proof. Suddenly, the car started tilting and shaking dangerously. Viswas saw the army officer shooting the tyres of Swarsaa's car. That guy, a psychic fellow, got mad. He was exposed to the firings and bombing. He saw Swarsaa was deserting and escaping. That suddenly turned him mad.

200 metres they ran behind the vehicle, despite rear tire was bore by the bullet. Suddenly they saw big rocks rolling on the road. Before applying the break, the front bumper dashed on the rocks. At the same time, they saw some ball like object falling on the car. One of them fell over the glass and in that blast, broke the wind screen.

Swarsaa jumped out of the car. He saw his driver. His face was torn, and he was swooning. He saw the bullets are pierced through the broken glass. He ducked and slipped down on the road by taking the car as his shield. He rolled on the road and moved on the city road. Who were behind, he did not want to see? A rocket hit his car. The whole vehicle was shattered. Another sharpshooter tried to hit him. Unfortunately, he could not hit him as he was sliding on the slope to reach the road below.

They saw a Royal Enfield bullet bike is reaching near him. A tall young boy now stood between him and the shooters.

*“Durisha”*

*“Yes, uncle”*

*“Come on, run fast, we shall escape from the Maoist, there?”* He pointed out the finger towards the shooters.

*“Why Uncle, you alone want to live?”*

The guys who were running to catch him. Suddenly stopped on the edge of the high road and started watching the argument between Swarsaa and the boy.

*“Did you not kill my father, by sending some suparis?”*

*“No, not I?”*

*“ANC did send. Kamal had misappropriated Rs.1,000 crores?”*

*“No, I know, you are the one, arranged the killers! Everyone told me.”*

*“Why should I kill my brother, is he not my so close me?”*

*“Uncle, you will do, did you not cut the throat of my school mate Musheer and his family six years back, before my eyes in the Errant Street corner?”*

*“Did you not witness death of my mother, when my father was whipping her for disloyalty?”*

Swarsaa started sweating. This boy had seen that, that is why in shock, he turned lunatic. Now he remembers, the very next day Dirusha was admitted in Lunatic asylum.

*“Why you alone want to live and while my father was killed by you, my friend was slit in his throat by you, his family was beaten to death in streetlight. When you laughed when my mother was whipped - uncle?”*

Somebody had screwed his brain. Swarsaa understood. He also knows that once something registered in his brain, nothing can change him or stop him turning violent.

*“Come, we will discuss at home, Now start your bike.”* He started moving.

*“Why you alone shall live, uncle?”* The boy made terrific cry and took out a gun.

*“NO, Duri No, please hear me?”*

His brain was struck with a sudden cry, *“Your blood will drink your blood.”*

*‘Killed my dad! Killed my dear friend- beast, why you alone shall live?’*

000

### End of the arms race

The whole Che Brigade, took the vehicles and came out of the Chadukole Village. They descended the mountainous road and reached the plain. Section by section took different routes. They found the motorcycle parked on the roadside. Boy hiding behind some tree nearby. Pranav called the people to stop the vehicle. Darrisha, suddenly came out and aimed his gun against them. Pranav took a bottle of water and told him to drink before shooting him. He knows that the boy had no food for a few days. All others were resting far behind.

*“Durisha, we are going to Roydurg back. O.K. you are thrust, you want water. The boy was aiming his gun on Pranav. Will you catch If I throw this. You are very thrust, is it not?”* The boy nodded his head. Pranav threw the water bottle retreated to his vehicle. He turned again. The boy had drunk the bottle full.

*“You need food or one more bottle? Come we are your friends. We threw all the guns and rifles there. The Swarsaa men are killers. We finally finished them.”*

The boy turned red and shouted, *“those bastards, dogs, they did not kill my dad?”*

*“Then, who killed your father?”*

*“I killed that animal, Swarsaa, my father’s elder brother.”*

*“Yes, you said correctly, hi! Did anyone saw him shooting, your father?”*

The boy was little bit relaxed, and his tension has come. His mannerism showed that he is now normal and not with mental pressure and tense.

*“Are we not friends, we will drop you at your home safely. Kartika ma, Vanadurga’s sister is waiting for you.”*

*“I do not believe you; you are stranger. You do not know them.”*

*“O.K. if you do not believe, it is good. Never believe any stranger. Not a problem, I leave the decision to you.”*

*“O.K. You can see the whats app. Your mother and sister are standing with that man in that front. He is Sakee. The other one is Viswas. They are close friends.”*

The boy took the mobile and saw the photo. *“How do they know him?”*

The boy came near the vehicle and sat. Shakee who was sitting in the other vehicle, called Pranav, and asked why is giving lift to the boy?

Pranav told, this boy is substantial eyewitness, even though partly lunatic. Information sources are to be plugged. Secondly, his return will divert the palace women and when they hear that he is the one who shot Swarsaa. Naturally, they will be tempted to silence him. He will always say whatever his sister Vanadurga tells.

Shakee, was commenting to others. This guy is a brilliant lawyer. We can take him along with us and commit hundred murders. No evidence will be left out to trace the perpetrator.

After one hour, they were above to cross the river. Pranav stopped the vehicle and asked Durisha to get down.

*"See, Duri, we are entering Roydurg. We are coming from Bangalore city. So, we threw the guns and big rifles. Now, if you keep the gun, police will ask, where you got the gun and whom you shot."*

The boy was following the words.

*"Now good boy, you shall throw your gun far off in the river"*

*"See, I throw the stone, like wise you shall throw the gun, very far off"*

The boy okayed that. The gun was thrown in the middle of the river.

*"If anyone ask you what you will say?"*

Boy enthusiastically responded, *"From Bangalore, we went for tour."*

In half an hour three vehicles turned and went left and four on the right of the roads and last one vehicle reached Roydurg with four passengers. On reaching the entrance, Pranav phoned Vanadurga. Within fifteen minutes in a lonely road, Pranav stopped the vehicle and walked back to a shop and got some banana to the boy.

The boy was now calm and talking to Pranav and Viswas.

A BMW came and stopped near the vehicle. A beautiful lady was the driver. Vanadurga came out. The moment, she saw Durisha, she ran and hugged the boy. Tears were flowing from her eyes. She was holding water bottle and some cakes and fruits. She calmly fed him, while hearing him tell something. The boy was also mesmerised by the presence of his sister and the face displayed and unbelievable sanity and calm in her company. He was explaining her how he shot Swarsaa when he was running down the hills. How other three guys, ran away when he shot his uncle, fearing his revolver. Vanadurga raised her head and signalled by her eyes, whether he is telling the truth. Pranav nodded yes.

He turned to Dhurisha, *"Now, what is you will at home to others?"*

Boys told, *"I know, I will tell, I went to Bangalore, went for a tour with friends."*

*"That is fine. We go now, O.K. Durga bye."* Viswas and Pranav left the place.

He went with his friends to his home. How to resolve this issue? 47 to 50 dead bodies are lying in the hilltop?

He went to public booth and called his number.



*“DSP sir, Malalavalli sir, Chadukolu hill is full of vultures, sir. Two to three groups went with arms yesterday. Some Gang War. Rifles and grenades, missiles, sir. No body returned. They might have gone on the other side. Now lot of Vulture near that new Ashram buildings.”* He coolly kept the phone down.

Why is this message coming to my mobile? Aravind immediately took ten men and left to the hill. I must check the number. Land line: May be a public booth.

Word *‘Gang War?’ Rifles and grenades, missiles battle! How were these weapons names fluently expressed by a hill dweller? Gang war, how that concept is known to a rural guy?* Arvind Smiled.

**END**

\*\*\*\*\*